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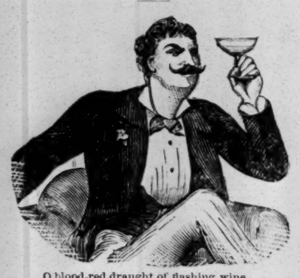
RECORDATIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.



O blood-red draught of flashing wine,
I drink in thee to other hours,
The vanished light of eyes divine,
The perfume of forgotten flowers,
The perished hopes, the bygone years,
The ghost of promises unfulfilled,
The drip of slowly falling tears
Within the cup of life distilled;

The purple grapes that ripened free
Upon the Catalonian vine,
The bare limbs splashed unto the knee
With treading-out the ruby wine,
The laughing girls whose dimpled feet,
With youthful step and tireless tread,
With drippings from their rapid beat,
The milk-white ankles changed to red.

Nor do I drink to bacchante shapes
That sleep in unfermented juice,
For youthful Hebes pressed the grapes
And let their hoarded treasures loose.
Nor was this all their feet set free
Within their Catalonian home,
For Venus rose from out that sea
Whose crest upbore a blood-red foam.

Beneath the sparkling surface lies,
Within the liquid letters kept,
The brightness of long-darkened skies,
The memories which long have slept.
I touch my lips unto the rim,
And from the contact's instant stain
The visions of the past o'erbrim,
And paint their pictures on my brain.

Alas that time and earth destroy,
As though embraced within one span,
The boyhood of the happy boy,
The manhood of the hopeful man!
The dear ones that I loved of yore
In thee rebloom (O loved, lost girl!),
And, cast on Time's remorseless shore,
Within thy cup I see each pearl.

My boyhood's home, my early days,
The half-made kite, the cast-off toy,
Reminders of the careless ways
That cluster round the heedless boy!
Voices whose keen vibrations died
Long y-ars agone, ah, known too well!
They come upon life's ebbing tide,
With chidings from the school house bell!

Ah, madd'ning draught! What wizard ills
With impious hand thy cup of pain?
From graves which hide a thousand ills
To call the past to me again.
My buried passions in thee wake!
Ambitions which I counted dead
Within thy sparkling wavelets break,
Their blackness outlined on thy red!

They will not fail! They will not die!
They come to mock me to my face!
Grim phantoms of the Past, that lie
Unquiet in their resting-place!
And yet, where Summer's cloudless day
Reflects from many a cloudless face,
You bring to me from shore and bay
Remembrance of a sunny race.

The twanging of the mandolin,
The olive cheek, the teeth of pearl,
The purple grapes, the ripe lips twin,
The laughter of the happy girl!
And they are changed, and I am changed,
And earth is changed, and far less sweet,
Since on that morning long estranged
I drank the wine pressed by their feet.

Yet fill the cup with ruby wine—
It warms with recollection's glow;
I tread again that land divine,
Though in this chilly land of snow!
No richer vintage e'er was dressed;
I long not for Falernian rills;
For in its blood-red depths is pressed
The sunshine of Parnassian hills!

GERONIMO,

OR THE FETTERS OF FATE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRI CONSCIENCE FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY DUDLEY WINTHROP MOORE.

"*Benvenuto*, Signor Geronimo," he said. "What good news brings you to my master's garden? It's a very long while since you were here last."

"You are right, Julio, it is a very long while," replied the young man with a frank smile, while he entered the garden and proceeded towards the house. "This place doesn't appear in readiness for the reception of company," he went on, looking about him; "for everything is still wild and forsaken. Hasn't Signor Turchi thought of having things put in shape here yet?"

"Yes; but my master has been in a very gloomy humor of late, and a taste for pleasant or agreeable things seems to have left him entirely."

"I know it, Julio; but a good time is coming."

"Oh! I wish it was true, signor!"

"What a deep sigh you heave, Julio. You trouble me. Is your master ill?"

The servant felt that he must be more on his guard, if he wished to keep the young man from entertaining any suspicion of danger. He said in a careless tone:

"It's nothing, signor. My master is well and in good spirits to-day. Since the night I saw Brufferio's sword glisten so near your person, without knowing you, my heart has been full of grateful sighs, which will escape from me in spite of myself."

While saying this he introduced the nobleman into the apartment where the large arm-chair stood.

"Signor Geronimo," he resumed, "my master is above. I'll inform him of your arrival. Take a seat meanwhile."

Julio left the room, but, instead of ascending the stairs, he concealed himself at their foot, behind a door, and listened with great attention for the creaking of the springs in the diabolical arm-chair.

After having waited long in vain, he returned to the corridor and again joined Geromino.

"Signor, my master begs you to excuse him," he said in a low voice. "He is busy upstairs with a gentleman he spoke to you about yesterday, he says. They are writing together. So be good enough to be patient a few minutes longer."

He imagined that Geronimo would not hesitate now to rest himself in the inviting arm-chair, and followed all his movements with a throbbing heart; but the young cavalier went to the window and gazed pensively into the garden.

Julio beheld his second attempt foiled. All the while reflecting with what mistrust and impatience his master must be counting the seconds that slipped by, he continued with feigned indifference:

"It's quite far from the Dominicans here—about half a mile, I should think. If you walked fast, you must be tired. Rest yourself in this arm-chair, signor."

"No, I thank you," replied the young man. "I am not in the least fatigued. I love to watch these forsaken shrubs spreading their fresh coats of green."

The servant moved impatiently, and partially concealed a mocking smile.

"You need not wait here, Julio," said Geronimo. "Go about your work and leave me alone; I won't bore myself."

"I have no urgent work, signor. I don't like to bother you, signor; but would you mind telling me if the report is true about your approaching marriage with the beautiful lady known as Miss Van den Werve? I hope I'm not too bold!"

"Quite true, my good Julio," returned Geronimo, with a radiant smile. "And she has not forgotten the help you gave me when I was attacked by Brufferio and his companions. On our wedding-day you will receive a new cloak, a new doublet, a new pair of breeches and a well-filled purse, such as servant never had."

Moved by such evidences of generosity, Julio lowered his head and murmured his thanks indistinctly. Geronimo continued speaking, but the troubled servant was too busy, summoning up his audacity to carry out his master's orders, to listen to a word more. At that moment Geronimo was standing directly in front of the fatal chair. The propitious time had come! Julio could hesitate no longer! With one bound he sprang upon Geronimo, seized him by the shoulders, and hurled him into the arm-chair. The bottom sank in, the arms creaked and threw up two steel springs, which clasped the young man's form, hugging him so tightly against the back that he was powerless to move.

"Julio! Julio! what horrible joke is this?" he cried. "A trap? Did your master order you to ensnare me here?"

But the servant did not wait to listen to the terrified man, and rushed from the room, closing the door behind him.

"Well, well, Julio," questioned Turchi, appearing at the top of the stairs, "is he caught?"

"The chair has done its work," replied Julio; "do yours as well. Lose no time; he may begin to shout for help. Who knows but that his noise might betray you? With death staring one in the face, the lungs are apt to become supernaturally powerful. Signor, signor, it seems to me as if my head was no longer on my shoulders. How does yours feel?"

But Simone Turchi paid no attention to this pleasantry. He confined himself to grumbling a few indistinct words, and, with dagger in hand, sprang down the stairs to satiate his vengeance on the unfortunate Geronimo. The servant remained halfway up the stairs, and listened to his master's footsteps until he heard the door of the fatal room open and shut. At first he could not distinguish the least sound; but he soon heard Geronimo's voice calling for help and his master's mocking and threatening. As he was too far to understand the words spoken, the excited and curious servant crept down the stairs and listened at the door behind which a frightful crime was about to be accomplished. He could hear Geronimo saying in a plaintive and supplicating voice:

"Dear Simone, your mind is wandering. You, my friend, want to kill me? It isn't possible. Oh, drop that horrible knife; do not let me die without confession! If it is the ten thousand crowns that causes you such exasperation, I make you a present of them. I will destroy your note before your eyes, and never mention the subject again."

"Maria, Maria Van den Werve!" yelled Simone Turchi in a sarcastic voice.

"Oh, forgive me, Simone—we both love her; but I have acted honorably towards you, according to our agreement. Let me live, and I will only regard this as a foolish joke."

"It is too late! too late! You must die!"

"No, no, Simone!" cried Geronimo afresh. "Out of pity for your own self, do not steep your hands in my innocent blood. God sees us; your conscience will torture you; you will not have another minute's repose while you live. Do not impose this everlasting curse on your soul. No, Simone, Simone, do not kill me—ah! ——"

He uttered a terrible cry, and Julio heard a blow that sounded like the striking of two metals together. It could not have been a mortal blow, since Geronimo raised his voice still higher, and cried with despair:

"Help! help! O Simone, let me live! Mercy, mercy!"

Then a hollow groan sprang from his breast, and his voice died away in his throat. On hearing the issue of the horrible tragedy the servant had recoiled in the vestibule as far as the foot of the stairs. He had scarcely reached there when he saw the door of the room open and his master appear. The crime had made the face of Simone Turchi hideous; none would have known him again. His hair stood up on his head; his eyes were wild, and glistened in their sockets; a hoarse, guttural sound escaped his lips, and the blood trickled from his hands. He passed his servant without a word, ascended the stairs, and, on reaching his chamber, threw himself panting on a chair. Julio had followed him.

"Well, signor," he said, placing himself before him, "is it done?"

"It's done! but let me recover my breath!" answered Turchi, sighing heavily.

"He must have shown resistance, signor, since you are so tired," resumed Julio, after waiting a few instants.

"No; but when I dealt him the first blow the blade encountered some metal and grated frightfully. He wears a breastplate, Julio. Did he suspect what awaited him here?"

Turchi's dagger had undoubtedly struck the amulet always worn by the young man round his neck.

"It's no more than likely," replied Julio, "for assassins generally aim straight at the heart. But what is there in this circumstance to make you so agitated?"

"The fact is, Julio, a great deal of blood spurted from the wound, the sight of which and Geronimo's sinister cries smote me with agony and horror. I tottered on my legs, and feared I was going to fall before finishing the work; but happily I still found strength to complete what I had begun. A dagger-thrust in the neck has forever smothered his voice in his throat."

"And is he really dead now?"

"There is not a drop of blood left in his veins."

Simone Turchi had partly recovered from his excessive emotion; he rose and said:

"I must wash myself and do away with the slightest trace that might betray me. I must go yet this evening to the Exchange, else my absence would be marked; later I will visit Lord Van den Werve under some pretext. I must show myself in many places and talk to many people. Go below, Julio, and drag the corpse to the cellar. Then rub out all the blood-stains. It isn't necessary to tell you that our lives may depend on your care in doing this work."

"No, signor, I know it. The blow has been struck now, and I'm not the man to neglect any precaution that may save my neck."

"Well spoken, Julio. I have done my duty; now do yours."

"You wish me to drag the corpse to the cellar alone? No, no; you must help me, signor."

"I haven't time, Julio; I must go to the city at once."

"It's all the same to me; but I won't remain alone in this cut-throat place!"

"And if I ordered you to?" cried Turchi, trembling with anger.

"Twould be useless, signor. You shall work with me until everything is done."

"Ah! Pietro Mostajo, you dare to brave me? Do you not know that the blood is still boiling in my veins? Obey me and do your duty as you should, or the Factor of Lucca shall learn to-night who you are!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Julio. "You won't dare to raise your voice against me so long as I have such damning proofs of your crime. Yesterday you might have betrayed me—but to-day you can't. Hereafter, signor, your words to me must be less harsh and haughty. There is neither master nor servant in this affair; we are both guilty of the same crime."

Simone Turchi ground his teeth with rage and impatience; but, comprehending how truly his servant had spoken, he was obliged to quell his passion, and said to him in a caressing tone:

"You are right, Julio; we are more like two friends than master and servant; so let me as a friend ask a favor of you. It won't do for me to keep on these clothes; I must go to the factory and change them, then repair to the city without delay, so as to ward off all suspicion. Geronimo is not heavy; you won't find it difficult to get him below."

The servant shook his head in opposition, and appeared to hesitate.

"Come, Julio, I beseech you; put a good face on the matter, and do what our salvation exacts. You still hesitate, Julio? Come, man—Julio—I —— Well, I'll be generous towards you; you shall have two crowns to-night if you can come to me and tell me that you have carried out my orders faithfully."

"Will you still be here, signor, when I return from the cellar?"

"I can't say, Julio. I intend to leave as soon as my hands are washed. Make haste! Perhaps you may find me here. In any case, I shall expect to see you at the factory to-night, when you shall get your two crowns and a good bottle of Malmsey."

"Very well; I'll do my best to please you," said Julio, going towards the stairs.

On entering the room where the heinous crime had been committed, the servant stopped a moment and folded his arms. He turned pale, and shook his head compassionately. Poor Geronimo was stretched out in the arm-chair, with closed eyes; his head had fallen to one side on the arm of the chair and rested upon his shoulder like a ball of lead; his hands were joined convulsively, as if the unfortunate young man had died praying God to pardon his cruel murderer. His clothes were all covered with blood, and his feet rested in a dark pool. He had a large wound on one side of the neck, and another full in the breast; but his face was free from blood, and, though discolored by death, wore a calm and tranquil expression, as if he had fallen quietly to sleep.

"Poor Signor Geronimo!" said Julio, with a sigh. "Beauty, generosity, wealth, all torn from him by a scoundrel's blow. Oh, what is the life of a man? He at least will find his compensation for this horrible death, for God was with him. And what about us? But this isn't the moment for reflections and lamentations; my pity won't give this corpse life again. I must close my eyes on the threatening future, and bring this terrible duty to an end."

He knelt behind the chair, and, reaching beneath it, turned a screw. The springs opened themselves and revealed the inanimate body. Julio grasped it under the arms and dragged it across the vestibule to the top of a flight of steps that descended into a dark hole. He left the corpse there and entered an adjoining room, from which he returned shortly with a lighted lamp. Light in hand, he went down the steps until he reached a subterranean passage. At the end of this passage, entered by three broad steps, was a vaulted cellar guarded by a heavy door. Julio opened this door, and, with the aid of his lamp, examined a large hole dug in the soft clay, and still surrounded by the earth freshly thrown up. After this hasty examination, he placed the lamp outside the cellar against the wall of the passage, and ascended again in quest of the body. When he reached the passage again with his burden, he panted and seemed almost overcome with lassitude. But he summoned up all his strength, to get rid of this inauspicious work as soon as possible, and dragged the corpse into the vault, where he let it fall on the edge of the prepared grave.

"Rest there!" he muttered, "until I get rid of the blood upstairs. I guess you won't try to escape, poor young man! I will be back in a few minutes, and give you as respectable a burial as circumstances will allow."

He took up the lamp and quitted the vault without closing the door. On his return above stairs he found his master had already gone. The surrounding solitude seemed to make him uneasy, all the more as he perceived the day would be far on the wane before he would be through scrubbing and cleaning the floors and steps dyed with blood.

The evening was already well advanced, and still Julio was busy rubbing and cleaning. He could not account for it, but it seemed to him that every time one bloodstain vanished another appeared in its place—especially in the room of the murder. Rub, rub, rub—yet up darted the dark spots thicker than before! The perspiration ran down his face, while he showered imprecations upon his master. As the shades of night spread themselves faster and faster, the servant's nerves became more sensible: at the least rustling of the foliage, at the least creaking of the weather-vane on the roof, he interrupted his labor and looked anxiously about him, then resumed his rubbing and scratching, after having assured himself that no goblin was watching him. Finally he took up the lamp again, and, rising, looked intently at the floor, more particularly beneath the fatal arm-chair.

"It's done at last!" he exclaimed, with a certain satisfaction. "Whoever can find the least spot now must be able to see through stones. This devilish work has broken my arms, and made me so stiff that I can hardly stand straight. Now to the finishing job! I'll be far from this cursed spot half an hour hence; a grave is soon filled."

With these words he left the apartment, and descended the steps leading to the vaulted cellar, with the light of the lamp flickering gloomily in the dark. On reaching the middle of the underground passage he stopped of a sudden, pale with agony, and glanced around him, shaking with terror. He thought he heard something, a strange noise—a mysterious yet distinct sound.

Having listened for a time, he went on, assuring himself his imagination had deceived him; but just as he had begun in earnest to

MISS HILDA THOMASO, Vocalist.

nerve his shrinking body a fresh alarm arose. The sound of a human voice smote on his ear. It was not an articulated sound, a word, but only a hoarse moan, like a deep, plaintive cry. Seized with new terror, Julio let his lamp fall to the ground. It shot up a lurid flame, then went out, leaving him in total darkness. The distracted man set up an unearthly howl and took to his heels, hugging to the wall in the passage in order to find his way out. With heart throbbing to burst and legs bending to break, he bounded up the steps into the hall above. Not until he had lit another lamp and found himself in a room under the full glare of several large lights, did he make any attempt to control his quivering and shuddering person. He threw himself upon a chair and appeared to reflect deeply on his situation, for his face changed its expression many times—from fear to anger—anger to scorn, and scorn to —— well, it would be hard to tell, for he had buried his face in his hands. At length he rose, drew his knife from its sheath, and murmured, feeling the point with his thumb:

"I can't bury him alive! So, after all, I'm to give him the finishing stroke. No, no! I've braved everything, my master's vengeance even, in order to spill no blood, and I won't do it now. But what is to be done? I have no other alternative. I must bury him alive or kill him. Dear me! I must decide though: I can't stay here all night."

A few seconds later he might have been seen stealing noiselessly towards the cellar-steps with another lamp in his hand. He descended, and, after long hesitations, reached the door of the vault, where Geronimo's body still lay on its side as he had left it. The fresh lamp that Julio carried was much larger than the first, and it lighted up the whole cellar. He did not hear the slightest sound coming from the victim's chest, though he perceived that life had not entirely forsaken the inert body, since he saw his bosom rise and fall. Julio listened a moment, then muttered with a sort of joy:

"Fresh cruelty isn't necessary. He is now in his last death-struggle—he will die himself. I'll lock the door and come here to-morrow and finish my task. My master will know nothing about this delay, and I'll get my two crowns all the same."

He threw a farewell look upon the body, and went out, taking care to lock and bar the heavy door behind him. A few minutes later he quitted the garden and hurried through the dark streets on his way to join his master.

CHAPTER VII.

Maria Van den Werve was alone in her room. She knelt before a silver crucifix, bowed down with grief. Her head had sunk on the *prie-Dieu*, and lay motionless in her clasped hands. She had shed many tears, for the traces of them still glistened near her head on the rest of the *prie-Dieu*. Whoever had surprised the young girl in this attitude would willingly have believed she had been overcome by sleep in the midst of her long prayers; but her heaving bosom and painful breathing proved that she was awake, and that her wailing soul was totally engulfed in ineffable woe. A short distance behind her sat the old duenna, with her chaplet between her hands. Her eyes were fastened o the young girl with deep compassion, while from time to time she shook her head or brushed away a tear that glistened in her eye when Maria's heart-rending sighs reached he The young girl seemed to grow calmer little by little, and a painful silence reigned in the room, when suddenly she raised her arms to the image of the Saviour, as though roused anew by a harrowing thought, and cried:

"Oh, my Saviour, spare his life by your precious blood! Let Thy mercy rest upon him once more. Oh, do not remain deaf to my wail and breaking heart."

She had let her head fall upon her hands again, as if this fervent prayer had exhausted her strength. The duenna approached her slowly, took her by the arm, and, forcing her to rise to her feet, said quietly:

"You mustn't give way so, miss. Such proceedings will displease God, for you are deliberately risking your health. Come, mind me."

The young girl allowed herself to be led to the spot where the duenna offered her a chair, and sat down silently.

"Maria," resumed the duenna, taking one of her hands, after she had looked at the young girl a long time, "this cannot go on, my child. Such a fit of grief will shorten your days. And how will poor Geronimo feel if he returns to find you condemned to a short and languishing life? Oh, control this sorrow out of love for him."

"If he returns," repeated Maria, sighing, and raising her tearful eyes to Heaven.

"Why do you despair so soon?" resumed the duenna. "This misfortune is only imaginary as yet; no one is certain of it. More extraordinary things have happened."

"Already five days, five centuries of uncertainty and terror!" exclaimed the young girl, bursting into fresh tears. "O Petronille, what a frightful night I spent! I saw Geronimo writhing on the ground, as pale as death, with a large wound in his breast, and his dim, staring eyes fixed on me in token of a last farewell."

"These are illusions brought on by your grief, Maria."

"Twenty times I have seen him thus, and I have always attempted to drive off the terrible vision, but without avail; it only disappears when daylight comes."

"And do you think I don't see poor Signor Geronimo, too?" said the duenna. "I see him every night, my child."

"Yes, bleeding and dying!" stammered Maria.

"No, no, quite to the contrary; in health, smiling on you all—returning with open arms, surrounded by all his friends, and finally leading you to the altar."

"O Petronille, you tell me this because you listen to the voice of compassion; but I can't—no, I can't believe it."

The tears fell thick and fast.

"Impossible to soothe her!" murmured the old woman with disappointment, lowering her eyes as if she had resolved to cease her efforts to comfort the sorrowing girl and to leave her to her grief.

The two lapsed into complete silence once more, and were only roused from their reveries by the voice of Deodati below.

"I hear Signor Deodati," said the duenna; "perhaps he has some news."

Maria rose excitedly, and was about to hurry below, when the duenna held her by the arm.

"Maria, control your grief," she said beseechingly; "remember the old man's sorrow also. It would be cruel on your part to say anything further to the good man likely to make him shed fresh tears. Remember his age, my dear child; he isn't young and strong like you."

"Yes, good Petronille, I'll hide my pain and feign to be strong," replied Maria. "I know Signor Deodati is completely broken down by this event; so I'll be very cautious. But let me go; I'm dying to hear what he has to say; I'm all of a tremble to know if he has heard anything about *him*!"

The duenna accompanied the young girl to the door of the room where Van den Werve was in conversation with Signor Deodati, then left her and returned to her chaplet and prayers. So soon as Maria met the old man's eye and discovered not a sign of joy there, she uttered a stifled cry and threw her arms about his neck and rested her head upon his bosom. Signor Deodati was moved to the depths of his heart; he pushed her from him gently and essayed to console her with soft words while conducting her to a seat. He placed himself beside her, and continued:

"No tidings yet of poor Geronimo, my good Maria. We are very unfortunate, are we not? Oh, why did not God call me from this earth a few years sooner? Was it necessary that I should quit Italy to come here and drink the gall that remained at the bottom of my cup of life? If I could weep like you, Maria, perhaps I could find some alleviation of my pain; but old age has dried up my fountain of tears. Alas, alas! where can my poor Geronimo be—my brother's son, the child God gave me, and who was to have closed my eyes on my bed of death? I would give my fortune for his salvation, and what life there is left in me to know he were still living!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE SONG OF YOUTH.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY PARK LEONARD.

I said before the fight in the gladsome days of youth:
"I will battle the battle of life, armed with the armor of truth;
I will walk in the narrow way which leadeth unto light,
I will scorn the evil always and cleave unto the right."

Ah, that was a goodly song, and it came from my heart in the days
When the blood of youth was hot and the future a mystical maze.
But now, when the Spring is gone, and the Winter of life is come,
The singer who sang so bravely finds that his lips are dumb

The giants that rose in his pathway he had not the courage to slay;
The evil clouds of sorrow have darkened the glory of day;
While forever a restless yearning has surged in his aching breast,
And the weary years have brought him no boon of precious rest.

And yet for the song that I sang in the halcyon days of youth
I will not now repent me, for this I hold as truth:
That while the dreams of Spring are rent by Winter chill
The memory of the dreaming may cheer and comfort still.

THE RIVAL PREMIERES.

A ROMANCE OF THE BALLET.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY JAMES WIGHT.

The ballet at the —— Theatre were simply superb, and the two rival premieres assoluta were the talk of the town. Like the patrons of the ancient Olympian stadium, the throng that nightly packed the spacious auditorium was divided into two contending factions. The admirers of Mlle. Henriette Lauzan maintained that for grace, vivacity and beauty she had no living rival on the stage. On the other hand, the worshipers of Mlle. Guinare Ramage enthusiastically declared that her dancing was a sensuous love-poem in motion, just as perfect in its rhythm and passion as a poem of Byron's or Sappho's in words.

Henriette Lauzan was an exquisite blonde, tall and Hebe-like, with the grace of a lily and a face like its flower. Her long, sweeping, round limbs might have graced that goddess, so perfect was their symmetry; while the grace of her movements and the witchery of her perfect hands and feet seemed appropriate to Diana, "the chaste huntress," when she exercised her Platonic sorceries over Endymion upon the mountain-tops.

Guinare Ramage was of Turkish extraction—a dusky beauty, large and languishing, perfectly proportioned and voluptuously beautiful. She was a phenomenal dancer, possessing Amazonian strength and marvelous powers of endurance. Men gazed upon her with fervor, but most of them were content to gaze at a distance. There was something in her look which annihilated presumption.

The bitterest and most unrelenting rivalry existed between the two dancers; yet outwardly they exhibited the most velvety affability, the most charming courtesy. It was into the ear of M. Claviere, the talented ballet-master, that each poured her jealous denunciations of the other, and hotly clamored for the leading position. But M. Claviere was a diplomatist as well as a handsome man, and he had held the rivals, so far, successfully in his invisible leading-strings, allotting them alternate nights for the honor of dancing last.

We have said that the ballet-master was handsome and a diplomat; he was likewise a bachelor of forty, and known to be wealthy. Everybody who knew him said he was amiable, and admitted that his grace and tact in denying a favor were most charming. Importunate admirers of the two leading dancers had been kept at a safe distance, and the two women, rivals in art, were also rivals in his affections. Most probably, with her intimate acquaintance of his financial resources, Henriette would have married him if she had been asked; while, rather than her rival should have achieved such distinction, Guinare would have become his wife herself. Perhaps M. Claviere's preference was for the soft-skinned, dusky beauty, albeit his admiration was somewhat tinged with apprehension. She used peculiar perfumes, wore a jeweled poniard, and moved about more noiselessly than a cat.

"She is stronger than a lioness!" he would exclaim when she had convulsed the house by some prodigies of pirouetting on the tips of her toes; and "She is stronger and more agile than a boa-constrictor," he would add when she whirled aloft her superb limbs as if they were guiltless of bones or joints.

Whereupon Henriette, who had been watching behind the flies, would bite her lip and stamp her pretty foot, exclaiming in the ballet-master's ear, with a hiss:

"*Pete!* She uses an Eastern drug—that is why she can do such things without fatigue!"

For three seasons M. Claviere had controlled the destinies of the two incomparable dancers, reaping for them and himself a golden harvest. At the time when this veracious history has its inception the popularity of the two rivals was in the ascendant; for the ballet-master was an original and a creative genius, and had just composed a ballet of remarkable beauty and originality, entitled in the bills "La Jalousie." With an immense corps-de-ballet and twenty coryphees, it formed a brilliant Oriental spectacle. Guinare's role was that of a jealous Persian maiden, who stabs her lover while he is engaged in a liaison with a Circassian princess. She discovers her false betrayer, M. Claviere, and the princess, Henriette, in an amaranthine bower, draws a dagger, and, after piercing him through the heart, hovers above him in a classic pose of great physical difficulty, like a sorrowing angel bewailing the necessity of his fate. The presentation of this unique composition had been "nightly received," as the bills of the day put it, "by crowded houses, with rapturous applause." The "realism of Guinare's acting and her paroxysmal dancing had reached the sublime," according to the cognoscenti of the press. Of course, "La Jalousie" remained on the bills indefinitely.

A whole flower parterre had nightly rewarded Guinare's splendid presentation of the Persian maiden, while the recognition of Henriette's dazzling beauty had been less florally marked. Indeed, in order to keep "the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace," M. Claviere had privately purchased bouquets for the pearl-skinned princess. One night, however, a magnificent trophy of floral art was hoisted upon the stage by two men. A murmur of admiration ran through the house before and behind the footlights when the chaste and beautiful design was clearly seen. It was for Mlle. Henriette Lauzan; and among the violets nestled a letter, and in the throat of a superb lilium sparkled a solitaire diamond. The big black eyes of Guinare glowed like fiery basilisks when she beheld the diamond and the letter. Her jealousy was aroused, her avarice was fired. The ballet-master shrugged his broad shoulders, looked uncomfortable, but said nothing. For three succeeding nights this presentation scene was repeated. There was always a letter among violets, and a jewel in the throat of a lilium. Henriette beamed over the flowers, exhibited the jewel with sweet affability, but kept the letter to herself. The wily Islamite feigned to congratulate her; but the words died on her tightly-drawn lips, and a smile, "a ghastly, withering smile, convulsive o'er her features played." On the next night there was no bouquet for Henriette, and no shadow of a shade of disappointment on her beaming countenance.

"She has had a meeting with her admirer," mused Guinare. "The pale-faced hypocrite is cunning: she has forbidden him to present flowers, or jewels, *al fresco*."

Guinare now watched her rival like a Thug or a Phansigar. She followed her with the velvet foot of a leopard.

"Who was this adm'rer—this lover?" That was the dominant query that rendered her existence one shadowy note of interrogation. M. Claviere, too, became uneasy.

"The incognito admirer of Henriette's must be wealthy and infatuated," he reasoned. "What if she should marry him! There have been such things!"

"I cannot marry you till I am of age, in February next, darling, and meantime we must keep our love secret; but I shall drink life and light and glory from your presence, and hush every unworthy passion to rest until then, when you will be my own, my angelic wife."

"My own love, such happiness seems too great for me—I seem as if I were dreaming."

Guinare had cunningly overheard every word. The first speaker was a young man as handsome as Narcissus; the last was the flute-like voice of Henriette Lauzan.

On the following Sunday evening M. Claviere called at Guinare's apartments. She was moody and reserved, while he had a preoccupied air. After a silence of some seconds the Turk turned her head, and with a quick look in the ballet-master's eye said in a hard voice:

"Why didn't you marry Henriette?"

"Marry Henriette! Why ask such a question?" he said with a repressed look of inquiry.

Guinare looked at him attentively without speaking.

"What put that into your pretty little head?" said he, forcing a smile.

"She is going to be married in February," she said quietly, still questioning his eyes.

"What! Henriette! Nonsense."

"But I happen to know it."

The ballet-master's jaw fell—fell like a thermometer from "Summer heat" to the chilling side of "Temperate." In a few minutes he took his leave. He was evidently ill at ease.

"He also loves her!" cried Guinare, starting up with the look of a Borgia. "Curse her!"

She went to a miniature cabinet, took a key from her bosom and unlocked it. When she relocked the cabinet she had a small book in her hand. It bore the date 1672, and the author was M. Sainte Croix.

Two or three days afterwards Guinare overheard M. Claviere ask Henriette to be his wife.

"I am already engaged to be married," she had said with mortifying candor. "Why don't you ask Guinare?"

"I would not marry Guinare if she were the only woman in the world!" he retorted with indignation. "I have loved you since ——"

Here the ballet-master began to whimper.

"Curse him!" muttered Guinare between her clenched teeth as she left her lurking-place. "Let them beware!"

Next night the fascinating realism of Guinare's performance surpassed itself and became a reality. Just while she was in the act of raising the dagger to strike, her foot apparently slipped, and the gleaming blade descended, burying itself in M. Claviere's side. Instantly the dress of the princess was smeared with gore; the ballet-girls shrieked in dismay, the audience at first vociferously applauded, and finally, realizing that a tragedy had been enacted, looked on hushed and appalled. The unfortunate author of the calamity lay in a swoon. A surgeon, who happened to be in the auditorium, was giving directions, and, amid a scene of the wildest confusion, the curtain was rung down. The wound was pronounced deep and dangerous, but not necessarily fatal. Absolute peace and careful nursing were indispensable. The rivalries and jealousies of the premieres seemed to be obliterated in the presence of the Shadow of Death. Guinare was half frantic with grief. Everyone was sorry for her, Henriette included—it was such an unfortunate accident. By agreement they took their turns with the professional nurse at the patient's bedside.

While Henriette kept a night's long vigil beside the unconscious man, Guinare, by means of skeleton keys, obtained admittance to her rival's apartment, and possessed herself of her love secrets.

"My dear Henri, will you sit up for me this evening? My headache is dreadful. I must see a physician," she said one night.

"Willingly; but ——"

Henriette hesitated.

"Your lover has promised—to visit ——?"

"Exactly."

"But you can excuse yourself. Write a little note. I will leave it at your residence as I pass."

The note was written. It contained a few simple words. Guinare saw the landlady, and with a smile and a nod said:

"I am going to Henri's room; I have to do a little business for her. She will not be home till morning."

When the gas in the elegant parlor of Henriette was lighted and Guinare's "water-proof" removed, it was evident that she had made an irresistible toilet. She was dressed *ultra decollete*, with her splendidly-rounded arms bare, with the exception of a massive golden loop that encircled them above the elbow and imparted a sort of barbaric grandeur to the soft, subtle curves. There were pearls around her grand, dusky neck, and she now proceeded to wreathe some pearls among her glossy ringlets, which threw a dark halo, like a coronet, around the beautiful head.

Eugene Beckman was greatly astonished to find the room of his affianced occupied by a rival of whom she had spoken to him not without bitterness. But in the soft volubility of her conversation he had soon forgotten her imputed vices in wondering admiration. He gazed on her as if fascinated. He was under the spell of a siren. The cunning temptress knew her power and watched its effect.

"It would be bliss to be wounded—to be killed by you!" cried Eugene, when she pathetically bewailed the stabbing accident.

"And Monsieur Claviere was such a loving and lovable man!" she exclaimed with well-affected rapture. "I do so adore him; but, alas! all his adoration is reserved for Henriette. Poor girl! she looked as if she would have dropped dead when she saw him bleeding. You see" (with innocent ingenuousness), "she was jealous of my touching him in any way."

Eugene Beckman was beginning to prick up his ears.

"Why, were Henriette and M. Claviere fond of each other?" he asked.

"Fond of each other!"

The echo possessed a significance more powerful than mere words. A deathly pallor spread over the young man's face, like a dark cloud blotting out the sunlight of a meadow, and there was a choking sensation in his throat. There was a silence of a minute or two, during which Guinare walked gracefully and leisurely across the room.

"I am exceedingly sorry," she at length said. "It would have been better to allow you to remain in ignorance ——"

"God forbid!" he exclaimed. "If what you imply be correct, she is unworthy —— oh! And I was going to make that woman my wife. I must get some air."

"And I must also depart," said Guinare, rising.

She resumed her hat and cloak, and they left the house together.

"Permit me to see you to your door," he said, and offered his arm, which she immediately took.

"What time is it?" she asked.

"Close upon eleven. There! The hour is striking."

With quickened steps they passed the illuminated window of the sick ballet-master. The shadows of figures were moving to and fro.

"What can have happened?" said Guinare. "Listen!"

M. Claviere was raving in delirium.

"My wife, my bride, my darling Ette!" he cried.

Eugene Beckman shuddered. He wanted no more evidence.

"Accept this ring as a token of gratitude," said he at parting.

"When shall I see you again?" said the siren.

"To-morrow, or next day. Good-night."

The doctor was puzzled with the new symptoms of M. Claviere. The wound was nearly healed, and there were no external or internal symptoms of disease, yet the patient was evidently sinking. A consulting physician was called in, and the treatment changed; but still the sufferer sank. Gradually he lost all his strength and his understanding, and finally died torpid and insensible.

The post-mortem did not render the cause of death plain.

"Had we been in Italy in the time of Tophania, or in France in the era of Brinvilliers or Sainte Croix, we might have thought you ladies were secret poisoners," said the surgeon, trying to crack a ghastly joke.

"Sainte Croix!" repeated Guinare, following him to the street-door. "Who was he? Did he write a book?"

"He was a cunning French poisoner, and the author of a book. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, monsieur, it is too horrible. Can it be possible?" The leopardess actually tried to sob.

After much reluctance Guinare explained that she had seen a small book by Sainte Croix in Henriette's apartment. A search-warrant was obtained. The book and a small vial containing a colorless liquid were found. That night Henriette was arrested.

"I quite believe she is guilty," said Eugene Beckman, as he sat twirling his hat in Guinare's room. "She was a smiling fiend, worse than the Marquise de Brinvilliers or Godin de Sainte Croix himself. Of course, her motive for poisoning poor M. Claviere is as clear as the day. She wanted to marry me for my money and position, and she was afraid he would expose her impurity and lasciviousness."

There was no evidence to condemn Henriette; but she wandered forth from prison a suspected, tainted and ruined woman. The doors of the theatres were closed to her, and she died a hollow-eyed seamstress in a garret before she was twenty-five, thus forming another refutation of the popular but shallow theory that virtue is always triumphant.

* * * * * * *

Three years elapsed. Eugene Beckman, being urged thereto by his friends, resolved to reform his life, and consequently informed Guinare that he intended to marry. She manifested no surprise; but he had considerable difficulty in satisfying her with a settlement. A week before his nuptials they parted on the most amicable terms. She kissed him repeatedly, and, as they shook hands at the door, she snatched his breastpin, saying:

"I am going to keep that, Eugene."

"No; you musn't," said he, playfully poking his hand into her skirt-pocket, where she had hurriedly dropped it; "it is a gift of—you know whom."

Some keen point entered the back of his hand.

"Ultimare, I am caught by a hook," he said, wincing.

She freed his hand. There was a dark wound, which did not bleed. It was not larger than a pin-head.

"Let me rub it," she said.

"Oh, it is all right; good-bye!"

And they parted forever. The wound gradually grew inflamed. The arm became swollen. By midnight an amputation had been performed, but too late. The patient died in extreme agony. He had been poisoned by a prepared fish-hook. The medical faculty of Paris couldn't understand it. However, "such things had happened before," they said; that was satisfactory.

Guinare Ramage wore mourning for nearly half a year, and sorrowed for her lost lover as one who refused to be comforted. She occupies a fine house on a new boulevard, and has the reputation of living in the odor of sanctity. Whether the fabled "mills of the gods" will crush her between the millstones of an avenging Nemesis, it is not the present narrator's province to vaticinate.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph

D. E. BOURNE, Toronto.—1. Eph Morris is champion sculler of America, and the only way Hanlan can secure that title is by defeating him, or a refusal upon the part of Morris to accept a reasonable challenge for a match race, which is the only proper way to row for the championship. 2. Neither Morris nor Luther ever beat Hanlan, nor did the latter ever row again t Morris. Although the general public may have regarded the Canadian as champion after he won the first prize at the Centennial Regatta, he was not. 3. The championship distance is five miles, the recognized stake at least $500 a side, and the title has not been rowed for, except in a match between two men since Josh Ward first won it in 1859.

BRANT, Brantford.—1. No. 2. All of Trickett's races have, we believe, been rowed over straightaway courses, and none of them have been exactly three or five miles; consequently no fair comparison can be made between his performances and those of Hanlan or any other first class oarsman on this side of the Atlantic. Trickett's time in his race with Rush, June 30 last, distance about three and a half miles, straight, with the tide, was 23m. 26s., he winning easily by 22s.

A. Z., San Francisco.—James Renforth was seized with fatal illness while rowing stroke of an English crew in a race for the championship of the world with the "Paul" crew at St. John, N. B., July 23, 1871. He was carried from the boat to the Claremont House, where he expired at 8.45 P. M. of the same day. A post-mortem examination confirmed the attending physicians in the belief that death was caused by congestion of the lungs.

COCKER, San Francisco.—1. They are English terms, unknown to other druggists here than the few who were educated professionally in England. 2. Wright's Poultry-book, price $15. To be had of *The American Agriculturist*. You may find it better than the one you name. 3. They cannot be got except by advertising for them, and cannot be got at all, separately, for it is required to break files.

CHAS. ROSS, Brighton.—1. That made in the race between Manning and Hindle, if correct, is the only one which we have a record, in this country. Frank Hewitt ran a half mile, in Australia, in 1:53¾. 2. The best time for one mile, level ground, is 4:12¾, by Bill Long and Bill Richards (dead heat), Manchester, Eng., Aug. 18, 1866. Wm. Freestone, alias Barlow, is credited with having run the distance in 4:36, in America.

L. PAYNE, Paterson.—The game having been legally played to the close of the eighth inning, and it being too dark to finish even the first part of the ninth—owing to the delay occasioned by the ball being lost, and there being none to produce in the contest—it was decided by the score as it stands at the end of the even eighth inning.

J. C. C., Hastings.—We have authenticated accounts of but two instances in which the feat of walking 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours has been performed—by Capt. Barclay in 1809, doing a mile in each and every hour, and by Wm. Gale in 1867, doing a mile and a half in each hour, and 1,500 miles in 1,000 hours.

N. K.—1. Apply to the manager. 2. It depends upon the character of the engagement, whether you have to sign or not. 3, 4. Yes; they can be copyrighted. 5. Not necessary to sing by note. 6. Must furnish orchestral parts. 7. By writing yourself, or through agents. 8. All the way from $3 to $150.

DICKSON, St. Louis.—1. No. 2. Yes. Captain Barclay walked 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, doing one mile only in each and every consecutive hour. 3. Yes. Wm. Gale excelled this by walking 1,500 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, doing a mile and a half every hour, invariably starting directly after the stroke of the clock.

A. C., Rondout.—A person who is compelled to enter an open competition, or for a stake, public or admission money, or with professionals for a prize, or has ever taught or assisted in the pursuit of athletic exercises as a means of livelihood, or been employed in or about boats or in manual labor upon the water, is a professional oarsman.

J. R., Charleston.—Write to J. Jeffrey of *The Evening Journal* office, Chicago, or to C. H. McConnell, President of the National Printing Co., Chicago, Ill., for catalogue, and to Shannon, Miller & Crane, 45 Maiden lane, this city, for existence of ought.

R. M. W.—1. Creighton ruptured himself in hitting at a leg-ball in a match between the Willow and St. George Cricket Clubs in the Fall of 1862. 2. Miller died in Philadelphia. He was the regular catcher of the St. Louis Club before he was taken ill.

OCEANAL, Jersey City.—In answer to your query, the Consul general of France for this city writes that, according to the civil code of that country, the property of a man who has made no will is divided equally among his children.

SUBSCRIBER.—After all the cards have been taken up, the rule in most coteries is that the trick must be taken, and with the highest card in the taker's hand. As there is nothing to be gained by this rule in the long run, many players ignore it.

DUBSALIND, Petersburg.—Ireland's "Records of the New York Stage" gives many brief "graphical sketches of actors and actresses." It is out of print, however; but you may be able to obtain a copy by advertising for it. The original price was $25 per copy.

JOE.—1. The play you refer to, Frieschutz, or the Seven Charmed Bullets," is not more frequently performed is because it is no longer considered a tractive. There is no law protecting plays after death. 2. There is no truth in the statement regarding the elder Booth.

WALLACE PERLEY, Campbellton.—1. No. 2. The late George Brown's best recorded time for five miles was 31m. 8s., made at Morris. No official time was taken for the Brown-Scharff race.

J. G.—P. C. Bangs stands five-feet-eleven. The late E. T. Sawyer seemed taller; but the two were never specially compared when playing in "Julius Cæsar," and there was no perceptible difference in their heights.

M. T., Osage Indian Agency.—1. Ed. James, 85 Centre street, this city, age as follows: Adah Isaacs Forrester's, two vols., $6; Long's, $2; Dinks', $3; Dr. Cone's, $7. 2. Do not know the price of Wilson's or of Greener's.

E. M. C., Toronto.—You neglect to state what the regrets are for; but a letter-writer, which you can get of Ed. James for 50 cents, will give you forms for such letters. State, however, whether it regrets to love or business.

BRENNAN, Louisville.—There have been so many publications of the kind started, which failed to be completed, that it is impossible to say where they can be obtained.

H. F. S.—1. We never heard of a single-scull shell weighing, with outriggers, less than 27lb. 29lb is about the average. Shells are frequently made as light as 26lb. 2 and 3. Cannot say.

CONSTANT READER.—1. You can go shooting there now. It depends always upon what you want to shoot. 2. It is a discretionary matter with the club, but it is not usual for the president to occupy other offices.

C. H. M., Syracuse.—Thank you for the offer, but we have no need of a regular there. We should, however, be pleased to receive fresh items of general interest whenever you chose to send them.

CORINNE.—1. The fastest time in which 100 yards has been run in America, standing start, is 10 1-5 sec. 2. Those were flying-start races.

LODI.—If we was first to peg into the sixty-one hole, provided he has not admitted that A, who had really made 61 points first, won the game.

D. L., St. Louis.—A butcher is a mechanic in the sense that his trade is one of manual labor, the same as the blacksmith's.

ALFRED ARTHUR, Jersey City.—Wm. Miller, 5ft. 10in.; John Dwyer, 5ft. 9½in.; Joe Goss, 5ft. 8½in.; Joe Coburn, 5ft. 9in.

T. HOLLOY, Halifax.—Evan Morris. Neither Hanlan, Courtney nor Rush ever claimed the professional championship of America. See answer to "D. E. Bourne."

W. J. W., Omaha.—1. Cards count three at cassino. 2. It would take an entire column to tell you how the game is played.

J. H.—1, 2. The dealer has no right to answer in either case. But there is a time when he can be required to tell how many cards he himself has drawn.

A AND C, Brooklyn.—1. The ten-spot was boarded. A nine could not be substituted. 2. The player can claim set at once.

WHITE HEAD.—1. The non-dealer counts one for the game. 2. A straight-flush, when it is agreed to play it, will beat four aces.

CONSTANT READER, Cedar Rapids.—1. Born in Mobile, July 4, 1840; waiter in a hotel, Syracuse, N. Y. 2. Sadler is, but Green is not. 3. Yes.

C. B., Buffalo.—P. C. Bangs played Sardanapalus, and Mrs. Agnes Booth Myrrha, on "Sardanapalus" in Booth's Theatre, this city.

G. W. MC., Warrenton.—As the Sunflowers failed to put in an appearance within thirty minutes of the appointed time, they forfeited the game.

BOB, Mobile.—When a player is so injured as to incapacitate him for playing in the nine, a new man can be substituted.

F. L. R., Tyrone.—1. There is always an abatement for good behavior. A criminal in State prison scarcely ever serves out his full term. He did not serve out the Canadian sentence.

BROOKLYN.—As the bets are worded, A wins the first and B the second. One meant eight pins or better, and the other a spare or better.

CINCINNATUS.—No forfeit having been put up as provided, there was no bet. Had no forfeit been proposed, B would now owe A a suit of clothes.

SHERIDAN, Evansville.—1. Send to S. French & Son, 122 Nassau street, this city, for their book on that subject. 2. We never published it.

RENO, Indianapolis.—1. We know of no printed description of these. 2. They are produced by what is popularly known as the Pepper Ghost process.

C. M. F., Sacramento.—The two could not make the trump by agreement. They could arrive at a trump only by dealing off three cards at a time.

T. G. MC., Elmira.—1. A rule of the turf makes it a draw. 2. See CLIPPER ALMANAC. 3. Can draw as many as he pleases.

X. Y. Z.—Straights have no fixed value. Some people play them to beat three of a kind; others play them to beat but two pair.

NAMELESS, Freeport.—1. Apply to the manager. 2, 3. In the Summer 4. They would not pay any attention to your letter unless you have some professional reputation.

J. ALBERT, Albany.—Apply to the manager of the theatre in your city. Tell him frankly what you desire to accomplish, and solicit an engagement.

SKIDMORE, Oil City.—Morris Simmonds, No. 10 Union square; Horace Wall, No. 14 Union square; and Brown & Barnes, No. 854 Broadway.

R. E. A., Toronto.—Under the rules, a man who competes for a money prize, under any circumstances, can no longer run as an amateur.

RINK BILLIARD-ROOM.—There would be splendid *hunting* for one.

A READER, Coldwater.—We are not aware that Jacob H. Martin ever won a wrestling match in Chicago.

H. C., Vincennes.—1. THE CLIPPER ALMANAC will inform you. 2. Yes.

J. T. W., Indianapolis.—A great improvement. Give departures as before the Saturday after your letter.

RENSSELAER'S POINT.—The fourth man is not entitled to a shot.

J. H. H., Bingham House.—No game being specified Jack, queen and king count nothing severally.

W. B., Providence.—B is right, if A has been his two pegings, took his hand off his peg.

R. B., Lanse.—The dealer cannot be compelled to turn up the odd card nor trump.

J. O'BRIEN, Boston.—Inclose $2 to Ed James, as per advertised address, for the book named.

W. LARDLAW.—Rabbits can be shot in New Jersey from Nov. 1 till Dec. 31, both inclusive.

W. P. S., Chicago.—Twenty per cent. off, if paid for three months in advance.

EMMA, Boston.—Ninety cents, without discount. See rates on first column of eighth page.

C. D., Des Moines.—The estimated population of this city in 1875 was 1,066,787.

EAST-END, Pittsburg.—They are sometimes boiled in milk. It is doubtful if it does any good.

J. B., New Orleans.—The dealer is out on his jack. A jack cannot go below precedence in any deal.

CHARLES C., Hornellsville.—He cannot draw and knock at the same time.

ERNEST.—The play, as you state it, is 3, 3, 3, 2, 4, 2, 5, 2. There is no run after the one made by the four.

H. S., Cleveland.—So far as we can judge, it is a draw. You have not stated why the game was "broken up."

R. J. A.—THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, price fifteen cents, will post you.

G. W., Ellis.—You can get the song by mail from L. P. Goulliad, 384 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

J. S., Aurora.—Your items should be classified under appropriate headings. Try again.

M. N., Dayton.—Write to one of the dramatic agents asking for what fee they will engage such a lady.

H. A. C., Titusville.—No card there. We get more news from other sources.

BLOOD, Waterbury.—Each club plays sixty games, and they all play 350.

E. M. D., Chicago.—The Chicagos flew the champion pennant for 1877, and the Bostons will fly it in 1878.

E. L., Captain Bogardus.—Shoot him, as he always does, used a shot-gun in firing at glass balls.

J. W., Boston.—5, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 1 give the player of the ace a run of five.

J. H., Phila.—7, 6, 2, 4, 5 and 3 entitle the player of the 3 to a run of six.

READER, Phila.—Longfellow hurt himself running against Harry Bassett at Germantown.

BILLY R., BELMONT, San Francisco.—$1.05 for each insertion.

R. H., Davis City.—We cannot undertake to vouch for the responsibility of business firms.

P. J. P., Boston.—An advertisement might secure you a purchaser.

W. T., Oswego.—A letter addressed to her in our care should reach her quick-ist.

W. D. C., Pulladelphia.—Address him in care of this office.

D. P., Moline.—We have no reliable statistics, and cannot decide.

E. F. H., New Haven.—It is scarcely advisable to renew them.

J. R., Bay City.—Bill Poole died March 8, 1855, from the effects of a pistol-shot wound received Feb. 25 preceding.

G. R.—John H. Heenan fought and was defeated by Tom King in England, and fought with Tom Sayers.

A. J. FILLMORE, Walnut.—The jump must be measured from toe to heel.

CLUMB EASTON.—None larger than the work mentioned.

J. H.—Neither has any right to look at the bottom card.

SUBSCRIBER.—Three aces beat three aces at poker-dice.

A. T. S., Brooklyn.—Address him in care of this office.

MANAGER, Lynchburg.—See our advertising columns.

H., Allentown.—According to that score, 8 wins.

M. G. J., Wheeling.—See this week's CLIPPER.

JOHN SPELSE.—Yes; sent it as you requested.

MUNSON, Boston.—It is a matter of opinion.

HADLEY, Keokuk.—41. L. Fox is still living.

A CONSTANT READER.—There was not.

J. C., Peoria.—As we do not keep them.

HARRY OSBORNE.—No.

M. MELVILLE.—Yes.

MICHAEL HENNY.—A letter addressed in care o THE CLIPPER will reach Jim Frawley.

F. H., Wilkesbarre.—We do no know.

SCOTT, Boston.—See reply to "P. Q."

C. C.—Sixty cents for each insertion.

R. R., Pitsburg.—E's hand was foul.

READER, Texas.—A cannot so build.

NEW YORK.—By rule of proportion.

EWELL, Phila.—Bleads, of course.

J. T. PICKETT.—Out of print.

L. T. L., Utica.—We cannot.

A. R. D., Chicago.—8 loses.

OLD READER.—C is right.

BETTER TIMES.

It is a pleasant thing to be able to record the approach of better times. The country has suffered so long from stagnation of business, and all its industries have remained inactive for so many months, that any revival is to be hailed with devout thanksgiving. The past four years have taught the people of America a bitter lesson. The spirit of reckless speculation which manifested itself after the war, the extravagance which seized upon all classes, the inflated values placed upon real estate, the overproduction of manufactured goods, and the constant upward pressure of prices—all these things led inevitably to one result. The strain was so intense that the collapse was simply a question of time. It came, at last, with a suddenness which staggered the country. From the effects of that blow we are beginning to recover. The experience has been a bitter one, but it has not been barren of good results. It is not to be expected that we shall jump, at one bound, from adversity into prosperity. The transition will necessarily be slow. But the outlook to-day is more hopeful than it has been at any time within the past three years. With restored confidence should come new energy; and out of this energy should spring enterprises to furnish work for those who demand it. But all this must be accomplished by slow degrees. It was an easy matter to prick the bubble in the Fall of 1873 which extravagance had blown; but it is not the task of a day to build up a new temple of prosperity on the ruins of reckless speculation. When it is asserted that better times are drawing near, it is not to be assumed that the country will return to a condition similar to that which existed immediately before the panic. There will not be the same lavish expenditure nor the same implicit confidence in the future. Retrenchment will continue to be in order, and economy will remain fashionable for a long time to come. This new prosperity which seems to be springing up in the land will be a less pretentious, but a thriftier and deeper-rooted plant than that which the breath of distrust withered in 1873.

Better times will be hailed with sincere delight in the world of amusement. Our theatres, especially, have had a severe struggle of it during the two or three years past. With not a few, it has been a struggle for life; and with some, it has resulted in bringing their careers to an untimely end. When people are forced to economize, they very naturally begin by cutting off luxuries, and the theatre is usually reckoned under this head. Now, as the clouds begin to disperse, amusements should grow again in public favor. The majority of the theatres throughout the country have entered upon the Fall campaign hopeful of reaping a fair measure of success. Managers, we feel assured, will do all that lies in their power to make the season a brilliant one; whether it shall be remunerative as well, rests with the public to decide. Many fine theories have been advanced respecting the elevation of the drama. What the drama really needs is not theorizing, but support. Give the theatre patronage, and there is little danger of its decline. A full house is the best indication in the world to the mind of a manager that his efforts are appreciated.

AN ENGLISH IDEA OF BASEBALL.

The Pictorial World, an illustrated weekly paper published in London, has recently made an utterly astonishing discovery regarding our national game. In its issue of Sept. 15, 1877, an illustration is given—a full-page picture—of "an underground bowling-saloon in Philadelphia." The picture alone is somewhat remarkable, as it gives to the alleys an apparent length of about fifteen feet, but the accompanying description will certainly take the palm for pure, unadulterated thickheadedness and stupidity. The readers of that journal are gravely informed that, "as a rule, the public amusements in the United States are not very different from those in England; but lately a few new games, chiefly imported from Germany, have come into vogue. Whilst cricket clubs are few and far between, and are generally got up by the English residents, *a kind of modified form of skittles*, much more resembling the German than the British game, *is universally played in the United States under the name of Baseball*. Every village has its bowling-alley and its clubs for baseball, and in some of the larger towns they are even kept up for ladies, who also compete with gentlemen in the game at the fashionable watering-places. The Germans, who are great skittle-players, are frequent visitors at these baseball establishments. The sketch which we give this week is that of one of these subterranean bowling-saloons in the German quarter of Philadelphia. The alleys are very short and are boarded over; in the centre of each is placed a raised ledge for the balls, *of which there are ten*. As an old rule forbids the use of only *nine* balls, the letter of the law is obeyed by having *ten*, but one is always put on one side. The size of the balls, to one who has been accustomed to play skittles in Europe, is quite ludicrous, but after a time practice renders one able to disregard their *puny* dimensions."

The italics in the above extract are our own. The entire statement contains information which, from its novelty, should be of great value to baseball players, and the keepers of "baseball establishments," "subterranean" or otherwise. It is hardly credible that any American newspaper would be guilty of such utter imbecility in describing an English sport or pastime, however wholly unknown it might be in this country; and it is not so long since the Boston and Athletic Clubs visited England—practically illustrating the beauties of our national game, and giving the British cricket-players a few useful lessons in the art of fielding—that our English cousins should have become entirely oblivious to the fact that a *slight* difference exists between baseball and "skittles."

FAST!

We find the following paragraph running through the country press of Pennsylvania, in that portion of the State, probably, where the honest old burghers continue to vote for General Jackson as though he were a living reality:

Races between running-horses are but little indulged in in this country, although in England they comprise nearly the whole catalogue of horse-speed. These animals can pass over the ground at the rate of from fifty-five to fifty-eight miles an hour, and a single mile has been accomplished in fifty-two seconds.

The fastest mile-running time is 1:39¾, made by the American horse Tom Broeck at Louisville, Ky., with full weights up, last Spring. The next fastest is 1:41¼, by Kadi at Hartford, Ct.; but the latter was made with weights off, and on a hard trotting-track, besides. Horses are never timed officially in England. Private timers can and do make the time there just what they please, precisely as private timers years ago made running horses in this country go a mile in 1:40. In England mile-running races are comparatively unknown. So far from any horse having ever run a mile in fifty-two seconds, it is not possible for him to travel even fifty feet at the rate of a mile a minute. Running horses may sometimes go nearly as fast as that in England, but it can only be on some such specially fast railroad-express as "The Flying Dutchman."

WE HAVE BEEN waiting patiently of late for a fresh attack upon the stage, and we are at length rewarded by a column editorial in a religious journal published in Boston. The writer takes the death of Davenport as a text for his sermon; and, after pointing out the illustrious talents of the dead actor, he gets down to the marrow of his discourse in these words: "But how sad it is to reflect that a man of such natural abilities should have selected so debasing a profession!" The Boston journal would doubtless have honored Mr. Davenport if he had chosen the ministry as a profession. But it was in Boston the other day that a minister was sentenced to five years' imprisonment for forgery! Was it his profession which debased him?

ACCORDING TO *The Worcester Press*, anybody can become famous by writing a poem and calling it "Ouly"—only a baby, or a green peach, or something of that kind. Only two dollars and a half is the refrain which the poets around here are most apt to sing.

MULBERRY BRONZE, which is the fashionable shade for ladies' costumes this Fall, is not to be confounded with Mulberry-street brass.

THE CLIPPER ALMANAC FOR 1878.

Such of our patrons as desire to insert their cards in the next edition of THE ALMANAC will find rates and other particulars on the first column of the eighth page. The valuable features of our annual, which make it a book of constant reference and insure it a very large and extended circulation, are now so well known to our readers that it is hardly necessary to call their attention to its value as an advertising medium. The completeness and accuracy of its astronomical calculations and the numerous items of useful information, with the interesting sketches, poems and artistic engravings which it contains, make it popular with the general public; while the theatrical and sporting chronologies, records of fastest time and baseball reviews have caused it to be considered a text-book among professional people and with those interested in outdoor amusements. Our friends of the variety theatres will also find it a valuable directory for their names, lines of business and addresses.

THAT BREEZY WRITER who is known as Jennie June finds fault with the young man of the present because "his ideas of life are bounded by the theatre." Ah, Jennie, if the ideas of the young men of the present stretched out to the glorious limits of the theatre—if they rose to the level of noble passion and worthy achievement depicted on the stage, and were not circumscribed by the cut of a coat or the tie of a cravat—you would find them very much more manly men. It is not the theatre which belittles them, but an overpowering consciousness of their own perfection.

MAX MARETZEK is said to have told a Baltimore reporter that the shoddy aristocracy of this country had had a most blighting influence upon high-art in music. Bad taste and vulgar ignorance have, according to Mr. Maretzek, done much to injure the opera. This, in part, may be true; but we are inclined to the belief that the average American audience is more critical in musical matters than it usually gets credit for being, and that the diminished support given the opera is to be attributed rather to the stringency of the times than to a lack of appreciation.

THAT IS AN AMUSING story which James T. Fields tells of the man in Boston who was recommended to read Shakespeare. He acted upon the advice, and when asked what he thought of the plays, he replied: "They are glorious, air, glorious. *I don't believe there are twenty men in Boston who could have written them!*" The only objection to be taken to this story is the improbability of finding anybody in the Hub who would confess that the average Bostonian couldn't have written "Hamlet"—and in a very much better hand than Shakespeare did it, too.

FOR OURSELVES, we never could understand why Stanley should go tramping through Africa on foot, needlessly exposing himself to savages and sunstrokes, when he can travel in this country on railways and steamboats. However, it removes a great weight from our mind to learn that the Lualaba is the Congo. Hitherto we supposed it was the chorus of a nursery rhyme.

NOTHING IS SO discouraging to a man who oves his profession as to learn, after he has run the risk of being shot, that there was a fat roll of greenbacks in the bureau-drawer from which he succeeded in extracting only a plated napkin ring. And yet such announcements as this are constantly appearing in the daily papers to harass the souls of enterprising burglars.

THE FACT SHOULD not be permitted to sink into oblivion that a Cincinnati plumber recently presented a bill of three hundred dollars for services rendered, and was thereupon sued by the man for whom he had done the work, the latter recovering two thousand dollars' damages. Long-suffering humanity may yet open its faucets of vengeance upon the race of plumbers.

WHEN WE READ that the fifth Duchess of Hillhurst has been sold for four thousand five hundred pounds, our cheek burns with indignation; but when we learn that the fifth Duchess is a short-horn cow, we simply fall to calculating about how much tenderloin we could afford to eat from an animal of that quality.

THANKSGIVING comes next, and to this end the tender turkey is being fed and fattened as though it were a pure act of friendship on our part. He will find out the *real* state of the case, however, when he joins in our thanksgiving rejoicing. And here we would remind our friends that turkey thieves already abound.

MORE AND MORE are we inclined to the belief that something ought to be done for those Western colleges. One of them is said to have thrown Sitting Bull on to the world, and now the president of another has been indicted for setting fire to a watch-factory. Is this what a classical education leads to?

The Ties of Life.

The Brotherhood of Engineers—
At least, so say the wise—
Are bound together firm as steel
By many "railroad-ties."

WE MAKE IT a rule to believe everything we see printed in the newspapers; but that story about an Australian convict who has swallowed two pounds of brass jewelry at a sitting is a trifle too much for our faith. We can't swallow that.

WE OBSERVE that Brother Talmage has announced his intention of giving up lecturing. This is not only cruel to the public, but to break off thus suddenly from violent gymnastic exercise may prove harmful to Talmage himself.

FIVE HUNDRED MEN, it is said, have signed the pledge in Cheyenne, Wyoming, and now when they shake for the drinks they take a paper of chewing tobacco, or a pound of sugar, or a bar of soap, or some other of the necessities of life.

THE LATE MR. WARREN bequeathed to his son the original manuscript of "Ten Thousand a Year." That was all well enough; but the average son would prefer the ten thousand a year in plain script—without the "manu."

A WRITER IN *The Portnightly Review* tells us that cats born 7,300 feet above the level of the sea are deaf. Well, that's good as far as it goes; but how high up do you have to get before you find 'em dumb?

AN IGNORANT exchange wants to know whether anybody ever saw a cat fish. Yes; and we have seen a dog-fish, too; and, to go still further, it is a common thing to see the sun-fish. So, go to.

AN ENGLISH PAPER says that "Americans grow moody without any apparent cause." This is a base slander. We grow Moody for the cause of religion.

A MISS NICHOL of Virginia was recently married to a Mr. Plait. Would it be permissible to say that the young lady is now *Nichol-Plaited?*

IN CASE it should become necessary to cremate "Our Jim," would we be urning fame by such an act?

How to "make a firm stand" is to pay the bill you owe them. All the partners will "rise at you!"

IT IS a remarkable fact that the people of *Lockport* don't care much for the people of *Keyport*.

WHOSE son puts on a million airs? A millionaire's!

HEALTH, STRENGTH AND MUSCLE.—At the present time, when athletic sports and exercises have obtained so strong a hold upon our people, and the growing interest therein is demonstrated by the formation of additional clubs and gymnasia, a work which will be welcomed by our corps of more mature age the means whereby they may improve their physical being, secure and preserve health, and devote their muscle to a proper degree of fullness and hardness, must prove a very acceptable addition to the literature of the day. Such a book is that which has just been given the public by Ed. James, entitled "How to Acquire Health, Strength and Muscle." Here we have in condensed form a vast amount of valuable information upon a subject which should deeply interest everybody, the substance of numerous other foreign and domestic publications on like subjects mingling with impressions and advice born of the author's observation and practical experience. A treatise on the muscular system, tables showing the correct measurements of noted athletes and proportions of a perfect human figure, with remarkable feats of strength, etc., are also given. It is in language clear to the understanding, and is a work which we cheerfully recommend all to read, confident that no one can peruse it without profit to themselves. See advertisement for author's address.

THE BROOKLYN CHESS CLUB held its annual meeting on Oct. 9 at their rooms in the Brooklyn Mercantile Library building, and the following gentlemen were unanimously elected officers for the ensuing year: President, J. S. Turner; vice-president, A. Thompson; secretary, L. M. Peck; treasurer, F. S. Noyes; executive committee, H. Hardwick, J. C. Horner and W. W. Thayer. There was a decided expression of opinion in favor of making the season one of more than ordinary local interest, and in furtherance of this object the Executive Committee were duly authorized to arrange a series of weekly chess-receptions, and to get up two or three tournaments, the first of which will be commenced next Wednesday evening. Through the liberality of the president a hand-some prize of a set of Staunton chessmen was offered to the club, to be contested for in a special tournament open to all resident chess players, the club tourney being confined to members of the club.

ATHLETIC TOURNEY.—A tournament-at-arms has been arranged by Prof. Louis Friedrich, and will take place at Turn Hall, 66 and 68 East Fourth street, this city, on Thursday evening, Oct. 25. The entertainment will include Graco-Roman wrestling, boxing, fencing and gymnastic exercises, various clubs in the city and the principal professors assisting, while R. A. Penaell will perform with big dumb-bells, etc.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN

***Oct. 15: The extra session of Congress opened at Washington, D. C. Samuel J. Randall of Pennsylvania was elected Speaker of the House.....Samuel W. Canfield, president of the Rockland Savings-bank, was arrested for embezzlement.....At a target shoot at College Point, L. I., Otto Schneelock of Brooklyn was shot dead by one of the marksmen.....The mob in El Paso County, Texas, was reported to have dispersed.....Dr. Peters of Hamilton College discovered a new planet lying around loose.....Senator Morton was removed to his home in Indianapolis, Ind.....The Supreme Court awarded Charles H. Worthen of Lebanon, N. H., $18,335, to be paid by the Grand Trunk Railway for the loss of a leg—a comfortable leg acy.....City news: Work was generally suspended by the cigar-makers on the east side—they claimed to have justice on their side and money to back'er; a panic was produced in Public School No. 25 by a teacher failing into a fit; Charles Kane, aged 8, was run over by a street car on Third avenue, and fatally injured; another bank closed —the fare-bank at No. 616 Broadway; S. C. Thompson & Co., tobacco merchants, failed with liabilities amounting to more than $200,000; a decision by Judge Van Vorst gave the Gilbert Railroad Company power to go on with its work.....Work was resumed in nearly all the mines of the Lackawanna coal region.....Four murders were reported from the interior of Kentucky.....By cable: The elections in France resulted in a victory for the Republicans by a reduced majority, Gambetta receiving an overwhelming vote; a severe storm did serious damage throughout England; intelligence came of a destructive hurricane in the Island of Curacoa, West Indies, in which many lives were lost; the famine in India cost the Government $75,000,000; Osman Pasha's army was reported to be in a distressed condition.....A shock of earthquake was felt at Cape Santa, Can.....A four-year-old son of John Harrington, while playing around a brush-wood fire in Jersey City, N. J., was burned to death.....Fire destroyed a business block at Clam Lake, Mich., involving a loss of $40,000.

***Oct. 16: The President's message was received by Congress.....A monument to Roger Williams was unveiled at Providence, R. I.....At a meeting of the Cabinet in Washington it was decided to appoint Theodore Roosevelt Collector of the Port of New York.....A young woman threw herself into the river at Niagara Falls.....Advices were received of the removal of the Sioux Indians to the Missouri River.....City news: It was ventilated that George T. Plume, a well-known Wall-street broker, had embezzled a large sum of money belonging to the Lamont estate; Moses A. Snyder, teller of the Merchants' Exchange Bank, confessed that he had stolen $7,000; the cigar-makers' strike increased in numbers; the lighter W. H. Palmer, with 380 bales of cotton, capsized in the North River—which made 380 lights; Jeremiah Hurley fell through a skylight in New street and was fatally injured; Thos. G. Bennett, who has fired a number of buildings, was arrested; Lewis Smowdell fell from a third-story window in Doyers street and was killed.....Intelligence was received of the loss of the schooner Nora Weaver on Lake Huron, two of the crew perishing.....The body of William H. Springstead was discovered near Port Jervis, N. Y. He had been murdered.....By cable: For the third time Sir John Bennett was rejected by the London Aldermen—he should come to New York; Gen. Grant was cordially received at Birmingham; that the Russians claimed a big victory in Armenia; later returns from France showed the election to have resulted in the choice of 314 Republicans to 201 Conservatives.....Charles Beardsley fell through a hatchway in Greenpoint, L. I., and was killed.....James Brown, who died at Newburgh from wounds inflicted by the Sheriff, confessed that he was engaged in the robbery of the Pacific Railway train.....Charles Bolt was killed on the railroad at Rondout, N. Y.....A destructive fire occurred at Whitby, Ont., caused by the upsetting of a lamp. A number of business houses were destroyed, involving a loss of $100,000.

***Oct. 17: Gen. Harlan was nominated for Associate-justice of the Supreme Court.....The corner stone of a monument commemorative of the surrender of Burgoyne was laid at Schuylerville, N. Y.....Senator Woodin withdrew from the election in the Twenty-fifth district of this State.....The Sound steamer Massachusetts, lying on the rocks off Greenport, L. I., was set afloat.....City news: Tweed was on the witness stand: Judge Brady was nominated for the Supreme Court by both the Republican and anti-Tammany Conventions; moore and Williams joined the strike; Plume was decided to be the wrong sort of plum for an executor; G. W. Southwick, a Vesey-street chemist, hanged himself; Mrs. Phœbe Robertson obtained a verdict of $10,000 against *The Herald*—a "Personal" matter; S. Wallenstein, a clerk in an Exchange-place bank, shot himself through the head—the run was begun against President Broadwell of the collapsed Clairmont Bank; six unlicensed liquor-dealers were convicted in the General Sessions; the body of a woman was found in the lake at Central Park—suicide.....The Pennsylvania Railroad Company purchased the Empire Transportation Company for $4,600,000. By cable: Intelligence came of the loss of Cleopatra's Needle on its way to England, it having been abandoned off Cape Finisterre, and six men perishing; Birmingham, Eng., banqueted Gen. Grant; a mutiny was reported on the American ship "New World" off Nore Light, the captain shooting the leader dead; the Turks were badly beaten near Kars.....Snow fell at Yarmouth, N. S.....A warrant was issued for the arrest of John S. Morton, ex-president of the Market-street Railroad, Philadelphia, on the charge of perjury.....Nowara, who killed car-inspector was sentenced to two years and a half's imprisonment for robbing the mail—mail-icious mischief.....A fire in this city destroyed three furniture factories and injured a number of the surrounding buildings on West Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets and Seventh avenue—loss $240,000.

***Oct. 18: By the fall of an elevator a convict was killed at Elmira, N. Y.....Mrs. Delia Hackett committed suicide by hanging in Brooklyn, L. I.....James Proctor, a Brakeman on the London and Albany Railroad, was killed near Chatham, N. Y.....A scaffold gave way on Sackett street, Brooklyn, L. I., fatally injuring Herman Muller.....John Tierney was killed on the railroad at Hackettstown, N. J.....Allen C. Lacey, imprisoned at Easton, Pa., was declared insane, and thus escaped the gallows.....City news: The body found in Central Park Lake was identified as that of Mrs. Thomas Otis Le Roy; the striking cigar-makers received substantial aid from members of their craft in other cities; the bodies of Owen Flynn and Thomas Stapleton were recovered from the ruins of the Avenue B explosion; Tammany joined in the nomination of Judge Brady; an unknown man was killed by a New Haven express train at One Hundred and Sixty-second street; Hannibal and St. Joseph stockholders held a stormy meeting; George Huff killed himself in the woods on St. Nicholas avenue.....The Brooklyn Taxpayers nominated William Marshall for Mayor.....The damage to the Sound steamer Massachusetts was reported to be $350,000.....The body of Isaac Smith was found near Newsanic, N. J., with a bullet-hole through his head.....By cable: The Cleopatra obelisk was recovered by the steamer Fiumarica off the Spanish coast; news was received of the sinking of the steamer Knapton Hall, from London, and the loss of twelve lives; China threatened war against Siam.....The latest broken bank reported was the Home of Elgin, Ill.—very ill indeed.....Fires: The Standard Oil works at Hunter's Point, L. I., were damaged by an explosion to the extent of $8,000; a business block at Kincardine, Ont.—loss $20,000; two saw-mills at Princeton, Me.—loss $15,000.

***Oct. 19: Judge Daggers of Paterson, N. J., was arraigned in his own court for fraud. He looked Daggers.....Silas Morris and Louisa Lawson, under sentence to be hanged at Richmond, Va., were respited by the Governor until Dec. 21.....Patrick O'Donnell, convicted of murder in the second degree, was sentenced at Mauch Chunk, Pa., to seven years' imprisonment.....Intelligence was received of the arrest of sixty members of an organized band of swindlers who have sold large tracts of land in Texas on forged titles.....City news: The steamer Massachusetts was towed to the city and placed in the dry-dock; the number of striking cigar-makers increased; the body of an unknown woman was found in the Harlem River; the Independent Republicans joined in the nomination of Judge Brady; Joseph Spieler of Stanton street attempted suicide by opening a vein, but the effort proved vain; James Dougherty, who assisted in the murder of Francis Riley, was sentenced to four years' imprisonment.....C. V. R. Luddington was substituted as the Republican candidate for State Comptroller in place of Francis Sylvester.....The Brooklyn Republican City Convention met, but failed to make a nomination.....By cable: News came of the killing of Michido, President of the Cuban Chambers, and Larrua, the insurgent Secretary of War; the Czar made an encouraging address to his army; it was announced that 7,793,000 persons voted at the French elections.....A box of burglar-alarms was locked in a Boston police office.....The verdict of the coroner's jury in the case of the Pickering Valley (Pa.) Railway accident mildly censured the railroad company.

***Oct. 20: Gilman the forger was removed from Sing Sing to Auburn.....The town of Clintonville, N. Y., was devastated with small-pox.....J. B. Carey, his wife and a cigar-maker were poisoned by drinking well-water which contained arsenic.....The Brooklyn, N. Y., Republicans nominated Henry A. Moore, the Democratic incumbent of the office, for County Judge.....Joseph Koerner of Newark, N. J., was found guilty of manslaughter for the shooting of Clarence W. Gomersall.....City news: The cigar-makers' strike continued; John Creigh, a clerk for D. & F. Sadlier, disappeared with $1,405 belonging to his employers; Tweed was lisched to by the Aldermanic Committee; Sir Henry Halford, captain of the British rifle team, sailed for Europe; Niles E. Jenkins was arrested for systematically robbing the employers, friends and relatives; Peake and C. Gilman, the wife of the forger, was removed to the insane asylum at Hartford, Ct.; the Seventh Senatorial District Convention nominated John Morrissey for Senator.....John Ryan was caught in the machinery of a plough factory at Geddes, N. Y., and killed.....The Hoboken pool-sellers were released on bail.....By cable: Deserters declared that the Turkish troops were starving; Paris announced that it would give a grand re

THE RING.

THE PISTOL IN NEVADA.

William M. Davis Kills Louis Ash.

We have received a copy of *The Virginia City* (Nev.) *Evening Chronicle* containing the subjoined particulars of a homicide committed there Oct. 8, by Bill Davis the pugilist, who fought Tom Allen, Jim Dunn, Jimmy Elliott, Mike McCoole, Charley Gallagher, and others among the heavy-weights, and who has for some years past resided in Virginia City, part of the time keeping a public house, and latterly doing service on the police force:

At half-past two o'clock this morning Louis Ash, a young man about 24 years of age, was shot by Officer William M. Davis at No. 5½ South D street. The wounded man was immediately removed to the residence of his brother, United States Marshal Ash, and physicians called in. They found four ball wounds—one in the abdomen one in the right breast, one in the left shoulder, and one in the left arm. Dying pronounced his injuries fatal, and a Justice was sent for, who took his dying deposition. The dying man was in great suffering, and was at times delirious. He talked with considerable difficulty, but was in his right mind. Being sworn, he made the following statement:

"I am perfectly conscious and know that I am dying. Policeman Davis shot me. He had no cause to shoot me. I did nothing to cause the shooting. I was not quarreling with Davis at the time the shooting took place. I was drinking with Davis just before the shooting, and had no pistol or knife in my hands or in my possession at the time. I am to my right mind and know what I am saying. It was a cold blooded murder.

his
(Signed) LOUIS X ASH.
mark

"Sworn and subscribed to before me on the 8th day of October, A. D. 1877. THOMAS MOSSES,
Justice of the Peace."

The deponent was so weak as to be unable to affix his signature, but made a mark with his pen instead. At half-past 8 o'clock he died. As soon as the shooting took place Officer Davis delivered himself up to Chief of Police Breen, and was placed in the County Jail. He gave the following version of the unfortunate occurrence:

"About half past two o'clock I heard a disturbance at No. 5½ South D street. I went down with Officer Desmond to the place. We met Officer Farnsworth, who warned me not to go in, and said if I did I had better look out, as there was danger of my being killed. He said there was a job up for that purpose. While in the middle of the street I heard some shots, but cannot say how many. I went to the house. Ash was inside, and just as I got to the door he fired two shots at me. I dodged away from the door, got out my own weapon, and returned the fire. We exchanged shots together. I fired as fast as I could, and discharged all the shots I had. I think he fired three shots at me; I fired five. We were but a few feet apart. I can't say where he fell, as I was greatly excited at the time. I think he fell on the sidewalk. As soon as the shooting was over I reported the fact to Chief Breen, and delivered myself up."

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

Nettie Bowen, the woman who keeps the house, said that about fifteen or twenty minutes before the shooting occurred Ash had been across the street at a Spanish fandango, and had been drinking with Bill Davis. Desmond brought him into the house and asked her to take care of him. Desmond then went back. Ash was somewhat intoxicated and noisy, and was at one of the front windows looking into the street when Officer Davis came along. Davis passed on, and Ash threw the window up and tried to pull Ash out, but I caught hold of Ash and helped him to disengage himself loose from Davis' grip. Then I went to the front door, and found both Farnsworth and Davis there. They said they would go in and arrest Ash if he did not keep quiet. She promised, if they would not arrest him, that there should be no more noise, and they went away. She then closed the door, went back into the room and got Ash to take off his coat, vest, shirt and shoes; then he went again to the front door with only his pantaloons and undershirt on, and looked up and down the street, and she heard Davis' voice, saying, "Here now, I have had enough of this," and then two pistol shots. Ash staggered back into the parlor, followed by Davis, with his pistol in his hand. He fired once or twice as he followed Ash into the back rooms, and the woman does not remember what occurred afterwards, as she fainted. The girl said that Ash was staggering drunk and Davis beastly drunk at the time; also, that Ash had neither knife nor pistol and made no defense.

A dispatch dated Oct. 9, which contains the only additional information we have received anent the affair, says: "Last night it reached Sheriff Kelly's ears that a body of men were organizing to force open the jail and lynch Davis for the killing of Ash. The Sheriff took the precaution to put three policemen inside the jail and three outside, well armed with rifles and revolvers, to defend the place in case of attack. When the information was conveyed to Davis that such an attempt was contemplated, he asked that he might be furnished with arms and allowed to fight for his life. The Sheriff gave him no arms but said that in case a mob reached the inner jail he could have arms for his own protection, and they were ready to be given him in case necessity required it. The jail was well watched until morning, but no demonstration was made."

Ash was well known in Sacramento, Cal., where his parents reside and where his body was taken for interment.

AN ATHLETIC EXHIBITION, gotten up by Johnny Dwyer, was given at Mozart Hall, Brooklyn, a few evenings ago, and drew a full house. The show was made up of sparring by Arthur Mullen and Jack Dermott, John Leary and Wm. McCallum, John Riley and J. McMillan, J. Friel and J. Young, George McCarty and Mike McLaughlin, Pete McGuinness and Jack Gallagher; fencing by Profs. Miller and Deutsch, club-swinging by J. M. Ladlin, dumb-bell shoving by Richard A. Pennell, and performances by variety artists. The chief event was a set-to between Dwyer and Steve Taylor, which, although as friendly as a meeting between these famous rivals can be, was pretty "dusty," each man making some good points, but the hitting being, according to general opinion, a little in favor of Taylor, who did better in an all round. The latter was the recipient of a handsome gold medal, presented by some of his appreciative Brooklyn friends.

WM. C. MCCLELLAN, who has opened his new sparring rooms at No. 1,167 Broadway, Brooklyn, is prepared to accommodate any 150lb men in America in a contest with gloves, for from $500 to $1,000 a side. Any ambitious middle-weight can get on by calling at the above number, and making known his wishes. The manner in which "Mac" has performed his part in past encounters has had the natural effect of gaining him good backers.

PAT MCDERMOTT, formerly a teacher of boxing in Boston, but for some time past a resident of the metropolis, will give an exhibition at Vineyard Hall, corner of Jay and Fulton streets, Brooklyn, on Monday evening, Oct. 29. A couple of hours of bang up sport is offered as an inducement to the lovers of boxing, etc., to fork over their half dollars, and a rousing time is sure to result.

GEORGE MCCARTHY, the skillful feather weight, had a good benefit at the Athenæum, Brooklyn, on the night of Oct. 15. The show was first-rate.

PEDESTRIANISM.

THE DOLE AND THATCHER WALK.

The four mile walking match between L. C. Dole and Henry Thatcher, for $75 a side, took place at the grounds of the N. Y. A. C., Mott Haven, Oct. 15, and terminated in the victory of Dole. Thatcher finished the first mile in 7m. 30s., and Dole in the same distance ahead at half the distance (the two miles being accomplished in 15m. 27s.), and at three miles done in 23m. 47s., which Thatcher had previously beaten by a minute or more. Dole, during the last three-quarters of the last lap of the final mile, when Dole got in front, Thatcher then stepping short, but going ahead again and finishing twenty-one seconds behind Dole, whose time was 31m. 45s. In his eight-mile walk with Alex. Clark in England Thatcher did the four miles in 30.36½, leading by two yards, and his defeat upon this occasion was a surprise to those who went to the grounds though pure love of sport. The attendance was not large, and the betting very slack. Much fault was found by many of the spectators with Dole's manner of progression at times especially when he passed Thatcher on the final lap; as duties elsewhere prevented our being present in person, we cannot pass judgment upon the matter, but we make room for the following communication, which reflects the sentiments of a number who were in attendance:

NEW YORK, Oct. 22, 1877.

EDITOR CLIPPER.—Sir: Being a lover of athletic sports, I attended the walking match between Lester C. Dole and Harry Thatcher, Oct. 15. I got a good deal more than I bargained for, for I saw both a walking and a running match at the same time. Thatcher walked in a fair and square manner, while his opponent, finding he could not live the pace, finally ran, and by this means passed Thatcher, and although every unprejudiced person on the ground hooted at the barefaced attempt to win a walking match by running, yet the referee sustained Dole and pronounced him the winner. I am not alone in this opinion, as several members of the N. Y. A. C., who are not only good walkers themselves, but are also good judges of walking, expressed themselves in the same way, and showed every symptom of disgust at the proceedings. Such an exhibition as Dole made of himself in this match will not redound to his credit, and will keep away many lovers of fair play from any match he may be interested in. Of the referee, I can only say that his career as a judge of fair walking should be at an end. Respectfully yours,

WILLIAM M. NAPIER.

POLICE-OFFICER BUSCH of Newark, N. J., again failed in his attempt to walk 100 miles in 24 hours—a result this time attributable to leger-beer and Congress-water. He made his 50 miles with 17 minutes to spare, and, feeling good over what he termed his success, indulged in lager and water, and, after walking until about 4 o'clock, and accomplishing 69 miles, was compelled to give up.

A. TAYLOR, a type-setter, undertook to walk fifty miles in nine hours and a half, at Lillie Bridge, London, Eng., Oct. 4, and accomplished the task, with three minutes to spare. He partook liberally of refreshments during the journey.

WE HAVE LETTERS for John E. Manning, Ed. Moulton and Miss Von Hillern.

THE TRIGGER.

SHOOTING IN THE RAIN.

Despite the miserable weather quite a number of riflemen visited dreary Looking Creek moor range on Saturday, Oct. 20, and participated in the four competitions fixed for the day. The first contest for *The Turf, Field and Farm* badge, 200 yards, ten shots, had twenty-four competitors, and the scores were as follows:

A. F. Finiels, 42; J. F. Rathyen, 42; W. R. Livermore, N. D. Ward, M. M. Maltby, W. M. Farrow, John Cavanagh, 41 each; W. A. Cochrane, E. E. Lewis, A. M. Miller, H. E. Wilkinson, George C. Reed, D. Banks, F. F. Kneeland, 39; C. H. Johr, M. Francis, 38; C. F. Robbins, C. Dewing, Lewis Cass, T. W. Linton, C. E. Blydenburgh, 37; L. H. Greve, 36; George Rover, 34; P. Farrelly, 27; L. Faulding, 26. A. F. Finiels was declared the winner.

The Spirit of the Times competition, open to all, 300yds., ten rounds, was participated in by twenty-two marksmen, whose scores were as follows:

C. H. Johr, 43; E. E. Lewis, J. F. Rathyen, 42 each; W. H. Cochrane, 39; C. Dewing, T. W. Linton, W. M. Farrow, W. R. Livermore, 37; C. E. Blydenburgh, A. M. Miller, 35; N. D. Ward, 34; C. F. Robbins, 33; D. Banks, 32; F. George, A. Reed, M. Francis, 31; R. W. Day, John Cavanagh, 29; S. F. Kneeland, M. M. Maltby, 27; S. H. Greve, 24; P. Farrelly, 22; George Rover, retire.

There were but six contestants in the Irish-American Club match, 200 and 500 yards, ten rounds at each distance, Corp. Linton winning with a score of 51 out of 100. He used a military rifle, while Sergt. Ward, who made 50, used a sporting rifle which was handicapped five points. Scores: T. W. Linton, 42, 39—81; N. D. Ward, 41, 42—83; M. M. Maltby, 41, 38—79; Lieut. Kneeland, 39, 39—78; J. Cavanagh, 33, 40—73; Lieut. P. Farrelly, 30, 38—68. Corp. Linton also won the rifle shot for by the Seventh Regiment Club, scoring 39 out of 50 points, at 200 yards, off-hand.

SIR HENRY HALFORD, captain of the British rifle team, sailed from this port for England by the steamer City of Berlin on Saturday, Oct. 20, business matters recalling him home sooner than he had purposed going. A delegation from the board of directors of the National Rifle Association and several prominent riflemen accompanied him to the steamer.

AT A MEETING of the Board of directors of the N. R. A., held Oct. 18, when the subject of altering the conditions governing the competition for the centennial trophy was discussed, Sir Henry Halford being present, the result was the adoption of a resolution offered by Gen. Shafter against making the slightest alteration of the existing conditions.

BILLIARDS.

"YANK" ADAMS was in St. Louis last week, and goes thence to New Orleans. He thinks of visiting Havana, Cuba, before returning to this city. While in Cincinnati, two weeks ago, he grand-discounted Garnett and Harry Choate combined, winning a three-ball game of 150 in twenty innings. A telegram received from him, and dated New Orleans, April 7, states that he would open that night at Lacombe's Rotunda.

THERE was a large gathering of amateurs at John F. Gleason's Carom Hall, 161 Bowery, on Oct. 18 the occasion being the twentieth anniversary of the opening of that house. The event was a double-handed 500-game between good players, and in other ways by players who are willing to be good ones.

HARMAN GARRETSON, formerly a superintendent at John Reese's, died on Oct. 17 opened a sample-room at 44 Church street, this city. It is between Park place and Murray street, and John Farley, an old billiardist, is behind the bar.

Miss AMELIA BALKE, daughter of the well-known Western billiard-table manufacturer, was serenaded in Cincinnati, by the German Military Band, on the night of Oct. 18, the date being the seventeenth anniversary of her birthday.

IT is said that Cyrille Dion has challenged William Sexton for the medal and $5 0. When Sexton tells us this we shall believe it. There is no reason to doubt the medal part, but $500 is different.

THE OTHER DAY, in a practice game, Jacob Schaefer ran 368 and averaged 28 in a string of 740, three-ball game.

A SINGLE STAND FORWARD JUMP, for $25 a side, took place at Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 20, between John Paisley Jr. and Ed. Griffin. The former won, clearing 11ft. 7in. to Griffin's 11ft. 3½in.

D. "THEY ALL DO IT."—That's what Brother Bailey, "The Danbury News Man," calls his book, recently issued by Lee & Shepard of Boston. It seems to us that Brother Bailey makes a sweeping assertion in thus unqualifiedly stating that "They *All* Do It," but he may be correct; for the way things have been going of late, such as the betrayal of savings-banks, the robberies by exalted officials, and general stealing along the whole line, it will not require a very great stretch of the imagination to fall in with our dear brother's views, and to acknowledge, with him, that they all do do it. But as to what that has to do with the contents of the book, inquire within.

POOLSELLERS RELEASED.—The prisoners referred to in an outside ace were brought into court on the 20th, Judge Hoffman, Quaife and Brinkerh ff on the bench. The principals—Rice, McDougall and Hackett—were held in $2,000 each, the first-named being also required to give bail in a like amount upon a charge of keeping a disorderly house. All gave bail except Hackett, who was remanded. In two other cases the bail was fixed at $1,000, and a sufficient time being given for the arrival of bondsmen, all gave bail and were released.

"THEO."—"That Lass o' Lowrie's" having been received with general favor, it is with pleasure we announce that T. B. Peterson & Brother of Philadelphia have just published a work called "Theo," by Mrs. F. H. Burnett, an author of the bonnie "Lass o 'Lowrie's." When you have read "Theo," you will be more inclined to Burnett than ever.

S. A. A. C.—The annual games of the Scottish-American Athletic Club, which were to have been held on Oct. 20, were postponed on account of rain, and will take place at the N. Y. A. C. grounds, Mott Haven, on Wednesday, 24th inst.

AMATEUR.

Continued from page 247.

THE HAWTHORNE CLUB of Salem, Mass., will play "The Octoroon" in Central Hall Oct. 23, 24.

UPON the marriage of Miss Mary H. Bowman, one of its former members, the Davenport Club of Cincinnati presented her with an elaborate silver epergne. On the following morning, Oct. 20, she and her husband (Arthur B. Starr) started for Williamsport, Pa., their future home.

THE CLIO CLUB of Cincinnati gave "Miriam's Crime" and "Slasher and Crasher" at Thoms' Music Hall Oct. 20.

THE COWHIDING Douglas Walker of the Amaranths of Brooklyn, N. Y., surrendered himself on Oct. 20, and has gone to jail to complete his sentence.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

"AN UNEQUAL MATCH" has been revived at the Prince of Wales Theatre, London, with Mr. Bancroft as Blenkinsop, Mrs. Bancroft as Hester Grazebrook, Miss Marie Litton as Mrs. Montresser, and Arthur Cecil as Dr. Batcherby.

"JACK CRAWFORD," a new play, founded on local history, and illustrating incidents in the career of this hero of Camperdown, has been produced at the Queen's Theatre, Sunderland, Eng.

ROBERT POULTER, landlord of "The Falstaff," Rotherham, Eng., and well known to the professional world, died Oct. 2, from heart-disease, aged 62.

THEODORE BARRIERE, the well-known French dramatic author, died in Paris Oct. 16. Among the three-score or more plays of which he was the author, many are known to English audiences, he having written "Un Monsieur qui suit les Femmes" ("An Impudent Puppy"), "Les Filles de Marbre" ("The Marble Heart"), "La Vie de Boheme" ("Mimi"), "La Vie d'une Comedienne" ("The Life of an Actress"), "L'Ange de Minuet" ("The Angel of Midnight"), and "Une Corneille qui Abat des Noix" ("A Bull in a China Shop").

MUSICAL.

A PARIS COIFFEUR named Rotteaux has just sued Mme. Vigoreux, formerly the great cantatrice Frezzglini, to obtain payment of 199fr. 50c. for dressing a magnificent tress of hair which she had worn in some of her principal parts on the stage. She resisted the claim on the ground that the hair returned was not hers, which was chestnut, while that sent back to her was brown, with gray interspersed. The Court, however, gave judgment for the plaintiff.

WILLIAM HENSHAW, fifty years organist of Durham, Eng., Cathedral, died Sept. 30, after a severe illness, aged 86.

THE ARGENTINA THEATRE in Rome, Italy, has just brought out a new opera-bouffe called "Pronosticante," the music by Pascucci. The piece is taken from a comedy by Count Giraud, which the author of the libretto has fearfully mangled. The musical score comprises some pleasing pieces, of which may be named the overture, a trio, and a quintet in the first act, and a ballad and the ballabile in the third.

A NEW OPERA, "Ata-Hualpa," libretto by M. Ghislanzoni, and music by M. Pasta, has just been given at the Dal Verme Theatre, at Milan, Italy, with tolerable success.

NEGOTIATIONS are said to be once more in progress between M. Gounod and M. Halanzier, director of the Paris Grand Opera, relative to "Polyeucte," which is likely to be produced, after all, during the Exhibition.

MLLE. JULLIEN, who obtained the first prize in tragedy at the recent contest at the Conservatoire, Paris, and a first accessit in comedy, has been engaged at the Odeon.

MLLE. CECIL REITER, who made such a successful debut at the Lyrique last season in "Paul et Virginie," has been engaged at the Opera Comique in Paris, where she will make her first appearance as Camille, in the coming revival of "L'Etoile du Nord."

VARIETY HALLS.

THE SISTERS WESTON were singing and dancing at the Gaiety Music Hall, Manchester.

COLLINS AND MOORE, "the Boston Boys," were amusing the frequenters of the People's Theatre of Varieties, Liverpool.

THE WAITE SISTERS are now styled "The Great American Belles." They are performing in London.

CIRCUSES.

RUSSIAN ATHLETES.—Concerning the movements of this troupe an "Old Showman" sends us the following:

PONCE, PORTO RICO, Sept. 26, 1877.

EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER.—Our company, consisting of Great Russian Athletes, under the direction of M. Feeley, who have just finished a successful tour of the Windward West India Islands, are now going to sail in their own schooner for the mainland of Cuba, where they will spend the Winter. In addition to their own company they now have F. Daniel Boone, with his four African lions; Miss Mill Queen, the lady queen; and a number of others, who have joined them in these islands. The entire troupe number thirty-seven performers, together with a crew of six sailors, with the captain and first and second mates. This company has done a remarkably fine business, and I believe it is the only one that has prospered here. When they arrive at Cuba they will have horses in addition to the company, which will make it one of the finest exhibitions that has ever traveled in this part of the world.

Yours respectfully, T. B. F.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WHITE WHALE, which was taken from this country to England, and promised to prove a great attraction at the Westminster Aquarium, London, died there Sept. 29, as mentioned in last week's CLIPPER, and a post-mortem examination was made. Mr. Flower, F. R. S., Hunterian Professor and Conservator of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons—who cut up the Pevensey whale in 1865—Professor Garrod of the Zoological Gardens, and Mr. Bond of the Natural History Museum, were the dissecters. Henry Lee and Mr. Tegetmeier also gave their assistance. There was but little congestion of the brain, and the digestive apparatus was remarkably healthy. But inflammation of the lungs had gone very far. The whale was ascertained to have died of plastic pneumonia. From Professor Garrod's experience of the larger mammalia, it appears that this disease will kill in nine days. It is a conjecture that the whale contracted it on her way from America.

AMUSEMENTS.

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THE GREAT SHOW OF NEW YORK.
An entire new troupe and old favorites retained.
EVERY EVENING AND MATINEES TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.
BILLY BARRY—"IF I ONLY HAD MY WAY."
Johnny Allen, Mlle. Millie Thomas, Mlle. Emma Jutau, George W. Brown, Miss Mollie Wilson,
The Freeman Sisters ("That Husband of Mine"), Emerson and Clara, La Belle Gabrielle Combination.
SOIREE MUSICALE: Julian Martinetti, Master George, Paul Martinetti, Mlle. Julia Grossi, BOB HARRISON, "A Man of Nerve!" WILLIAM HAYLE, Jean e Satterlee, Frank Girard; TONY PASTOR in three new songs, and all of his great troupe in a mammoth programme.
Box-office open from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Seats secured for any representation one month in advance. Carriages may be ordered at 10.30. 31-1t

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HARRIGAN AND HART in THE RISING STAR.
ROBERT NICKLE, the renowned Prestidigitateur.
THE ROBINSON FAMILY,
Lizzie, Nellie, and Master Dick,
DALY—BRITTEIS, in their Quadruple Jig.
EMMA BRETTO, the dashing Serio-Comic Vocalist.
SAM BAYLIS, with his Living Shadows.
NEIL BURGESS
AS THE COMING WOMAN.
ALICE DE STELLINI
IN OPERATIC SELECTIONS.
QUILTER AND GOLDRICH
IN CHARACTER SONGS-AND-DANCES.
THE MOROSCO FAMILY.
PROF. A. W. SAWYER,
WILL H. MORTON, BILLY GRAY.
WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY MATINEES. 31-1t

MAGNIFICENT TRIUMPH!
BRILLIANT SUCCESS OF
THE GREAT LONDON CIRCUS!
SANGER'S BRITISH MENAGERIE!
DOCKRILL'S PARISIAN TROUPE!
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Immense attractions. Features never before seen in this country! A world of glittering marvels!
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FOUR WILD HORSES AT ONCE!
Also an entire army of the pre-eminently great
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MARVELOUS ACROBATS!
English, Irish, German, French and American Clowns! startling feats in mimic by leapers who perform their acts over backs of five of the largest elephants!
Double Somersaults Fifty Feet from the Ground!
A MOVSTER MENAGERIE.
10 MAMMOTH ELEPHANTS!
5 EDUCATED BENGAL TIGERS! ZEBRAS!
10 GRAVE ROBBING HYENAS! LEOPARDS!
LIONS! PANTHERS! WILD CATS! BEARS!
TWO BABY ORPHAN ELEPHANTS!
Little waifs each one year old! Fed before each performance, in the presence of the audience from a bottle of goat's milk, from which they are being raised. The most beautiful infant twins ever imagined.
10,000 STERLING ATTRACTIONS!
Doors open at 1 and Grand Picturesque Mardi-Gras Carnival entree one hour later.
Admission, 50 and 25 cents. Reserved seats, 75 cents. Children under 9, to family circle, 25 cents; to reserved seats, 50 cents. 31-1t

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HENRY E. ABBEY.....Lessee and Manager
EIGHTH WEEK CRUSHED TRAGEDIAN.
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AS DE LACY FITZALTAMONT,
The "Crushed."
EVENING AT 8. SATURDAY MATINEE AT 2.
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MISS SALLIE HOLMAN,
America's Favorite Prima donna.
MISS JULIA HOLMAN,
Prima Contralto.
Supported by a Superb Company and Full Chorus, etc.
ROUTE: Hamilton, Oct. 1, one week; Erie, Pa., 8 and 9; Titusville, 10; Oil City, 11; Parkers, 12; Petrolia, 13; Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 15, one week.
For open dates and terms for this complete Opera Company address, as per route,
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HELEN'S BABIES,
HELEN'S BABIES,
HELEN'S BABIES,
HELEN'S BABIES,
BY THEIR LATEST VICTIM.
Let the children see the Funny Babies.
SEATS SECURED. 31-1t* MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2.

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MONDAY, Oct. 29, grand opening of the Fall and Winter season, when will be produced Auber's grand Italian operatic spectacle, MASANIELLO, OR THE DUMB GIRL OF PORTICI, with a completeness of detail as has never been witnessed in this country. 1*

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MONDAY, OCT. 22, very great success of the
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Production (for the first time in English) of the new Comic Opera, the reigning Parisian Sensation,
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NEW SCENERY AND COSTUMES.
AND A POWERFUL CAST.
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LAST WEEK (but one) OF THE
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Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings, important revival of Herve's LE PETIT FAUST.
Thursday evening (by request), LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT.
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Messrs. Fayette Welch and Archie Hughes would respectfully inform the public that they will commence an extended tour of the country on or about Nov. 1. Would be pleased to hear from managers of established theatres.
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THE WINNETTS
appears at the Bijou Opera-house, Boston,
in which they have NO SUPERIORS.
As might be supposed, they made a decided hit.—BOSTON HERALD. 31-1t*

LOOK OUT FOR
JOHNNY HARTLEY
and his
NEW SENSATION BY WM. DEVERE.
N. B.—ON DECK.

ANOTHER GHASTLY FAILURE.
MR. JOHN M. TURNER'S
first appearance at this theatre the present season was a SIGNAL SUCCESS.
his manipulations upon one or two Banjos, consisting of juggling tricks, etc., WAS SOMETHING REMARKABLE, and his SOLO playing, with variations, insures him the FIRST PLACE in the profession as a banjoist. I cordially recommend him to the notice of all managers.
THOS. H. PLUMER, Stage-manager.
Oct. 20, 1877. Olympic Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y.
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THE MUSICAL MOKES,
are NOT playing at Front-street Theatre, as billed, but at the
HOLLIDAY-STREET THEATRE, BALTIMORE,
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IN THE MUSEUM.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

Carnivorous beasts from the tropical climes,
With birds resplendently feathered,
And wonderful relics of ancient times,
In the museum here are gathered.

Cetaceous fishes and slimy snakes,
And monkeys amazingly busy—
No wonder the head of the gazer aches,
No wonder his brain grows dizzy.

Inhaling the musty odor, I tread
Where all is enveloped in wonder;
The Twelve Apostles hang over my head,
With an Indian tomahawk under.

The stuffed rhinoceros savagely glares
With his glass eye fixed and defiant;
While the hippopotamus skeleton scares
The famous Western giant.

The boneless wonder performs his acts
And bends his body double,
While Charley Ross looks on in wax,
Forgetful of all his trouble.

The Albino by no means appears at ease,
So near to the alligator;
While the Polar Bear is inclined to freeze
To the Lightning Calculator.

The bearded lady, it seems to me,
Is a trifle too proud and airy;
Perhaps she fancies herself to be
An heiress as well as hairy.

While the fat woman smiles in a gracious way,
And sits in her corner shady—
If flesh be grass, what a lot of hay
Could be harvested from this lady.

The skeleton stands in stockingless feet,
No flesh on his body is wasted;
If nearer the bone the sweeter the meat,
How sweet would he be if tasted!

The painter's art before me, I see,
Some Biblical scenes discloses,
And in them Judas is shown to be
Considerably meeker than Moses.

And here—oh, strangest of nature's freaks—
Are the wild men from Molachu;
I stand and listen while one of them speaks:
"Say, Mike, have you got some tobacky?"

Birds and beasts and fishes and snakes
In the museum all so busy—
What wonder the head of the gazer aches,
What wonder his brain grows dizzy!

BOUND TO DUTY:
An Engineer's Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

"John, don't do it!" And the young wife looked up anxiously and pleadingly to her husband, who, with overcoat on arm and lighted lantern in hand, stood ready to leave her.

"But, Mate" (his pet name for Mary), "think of the responsibility resting upon me. Tom Fisher—my friend and fireman—was laid up sick and told me the train was heavy to-night, and more than unusually crowded, as none had run for a week."

"What does that matter to you, John? It isn't your regular run, and you will make the men mad, and there will certainly be an accident, even if you do not get stuck, and escape bodily harm."

"But somebody has to go, Mate, and the superintendent sent for me. I haven't an enemy that I know of—the boys all like John Malcom, and the company think I can go safer than anyone else."

"Yet, if anything should happen, what would become of me, John?"

"I have never yet shirked my duty, have always been lucky in my runs, and wouldn't have 'coward' tacked to my name for all the rolling-stock on the road, and the wealth of the directors to boot."

The "little one," as John Malcom frequently called her, looked up proudly to her stalwart husband for a moment; but womanly fears, wifely love and mother's anxiety conquered, and she continued:

"And just as we are so happy and comfortable in a house of our own, and out of debt for the first time, John. Only think if you should be brought home injured—if you should be brought home dead! Oh! John it would kill me," and with a but slightly subdued exclamation of horror at the picture her brain conjured up she sank into a chair and covered her eyes.

"Mate, my dear little one," he said, kneeling beside her, putting his strong arm around her waist, and taking her little, trembling hands within his own, "Mate, do not entirely unman me. God knows how gladly I would stay with you. But duty calls me, and I cannot turn a deaf ear."

"Duty, John? Would you weigh that against love?"

"Not against such love as I bear you, my little one. But think how you, how I, would feel if the train should be wrecked because I was not on the engine, and perhaps hundred of lives lost."

"And yours, John!" she replied, trying to look steadily at him through her tears.

"I have always to take that chance," he said falteringly. "But I have little fear of danger. I think far more of the women and the poor little children that will be on board, whirling through the darkness, than any risk to myself. Come, dry those tears, and smile once more, that I may take with me the memory of your sweet face to cheer me on my lonely ride. Now, that's my own brave little wife. Kiss me, Mate, my dear little one, and I'll run over alone. I have no wife or child to mourn for me," was the generous response.

"Never! If John Malcom has to go down, it will be doing his duty. I should never dare to look my dear and brave little wife in the face again if I turned coward. But I thank you, Tom, from the very bottom of my heart. There are few who would make such an offer."

The engineer glanced at his watch, and saw that he had no time to waste if he would make important connections. The loss of but half a dozen minutes would cause perplexing and expensive delay to numerous passengers. He thought of his fireman's boast that he was never behind time, and, putting on still more steam, dashed forward to face danger, and, if it was to be so die at his post.

"Now, Tom," he said, "keep a sharp lookout, and be ready for anything."

"All right, Great God! a woman with a child standing directly over the culvert, and wildly waving us back."

It was too late to stop with certainty. But, half-blinded, dizzy with fear, John Malcom reversed the engine and put on the air-brakes. But, as if maddened by restraint, the huge monster struggled against them. As with lightning speed it ran down the grade, John Malcom felt in his heart that it was his own wife and child; and then a fall, a terrible crash, and all was darkness and insensibility. For a time he knew nothing; then he awoke to find himself tenderly cared for in the palace-car, his wife and baby being petted by the passengers, and his fireman say:

"Yes, it was a narrow escape, and we would all have gone to kingdom come if it hadn't been for this brave little woman walking through the storm and darkness. Yes, the engine has gone to eternal smash, is jammed in the culvert, and is good for nothing. But that's just what saved the rest of the cars and all of your lives."

"Mate, kiss me."

It was the first sound that had escaped the lips of the stunned and wounded man; yet it told of swift-returning strength, and a few hours later, when the wreck had been cleared away and a temporary track laid over the culvert, John Malcom and wife and child returned home with a purse more heavy than ever before, and blessed by many a heart and tongue for lives preserved.

And, wonderful to relate, the company were not unmindful of his services and bravery and devotion to duty, and, both in words and deeds, the fireman were substantially rewarded and promoted, and, though the trial was a severe one, had bountiful reason to ever remember running the gauntlet of the strike.

THE GREAT MEDICINE MAN.

There is no reason why the inventor of a remedy to cure the worst case of catarrh inside of five minutes shouldn't feel it his duty to place a bottle of the same in every person's hand —"price 25 cents; no cure, no pay." Therefore, the long-legged chap who pulled a door-bell on John R. street yesterday had none of that timidity in his bearing which characterizes rag-buyers, lightning-rod men and solicitors and dressmakers. He had a good thing, and he knew it, and he wanted other folks to know it. When the door opened and a hard-featured woman about forty years of age confronted him, he pleasantly went to business and asked:

"Madam, is your husband ever troubled with the catarrh?"

"Can a man who has been dead seven years be troubled with the catarrh?" she grimly replied.

"But your children are liable to be attacked at any hour this season," he remarked.

"Whose children?"

"Your children, madam."

"I never had any, sir! What brought you here, anyhow? Why do you come asking those questions?"

"Madam, I have compounded a remedy for the catarrh. It is a good thing. I'll warrant it to knock any case of catarrh sky-high in less than five minutes."

"Well, sir, what's all this to me?"

"Why, madam—why——?" he stammered.

"Do I look as if I have anybody catarrh remedies?" she demanded as she stepped out on the platform.

"Madam, I would not for the world have you think that I thought you had the catarrh, but I suppose the fair and lovely can be attacked as well as the strong and brave."

"And what have I got to do with all that rigmarole? Who are you, sir, and what do you want?"

"Madam," he whispered, backing down one step, "I have compounded a remedy for the catarrh."

"Whose catarrh, sir?"

"Madam I am selling my catarrh ——"

"Where is your catarrh—where is it?" she interrupted.

He got down on the second step and softly began:

"Madam, I have a cure for the catarrh, and I am selling lots of it."

"Well, what do I care? Must you ring my doorbell to tell me that you are selling lots of catarrh medicine?"

He got down on the walk, clear of the steps, and he tried hard to look beautiful around the mouth as he explained:

"Madam, didn't I ask you if your husband was ever troubled with catarrh?"

"Yes, sir. Didn't I reply that he was dead? Do you want to make me leave, sir?"

"No, madam, I do not. I am sorry he's dead, for my catarrh remedy can't help him any. Good-bye, madam."

"Here, sir, hold on a minute," she called. "What was your business with me?"

"Why, I have a remedy for the catarrh."

"So you said before."

"I asked you if you didn't want to purchase, and ——"

"You are a falsifier, sir; you never asked me to purchase!"

"Do—you—want—a—bottle?" he slowly asked.

"Yes, sir; give me two of them; here's your money! Next time you want to sell your catarrh remedy don't begin to talk around about the discovery of America by Columbus. Here you've bothered me fifteen minutes, and put all my work behind, and it's good for you I didn't bring the broom to the door!"

He retreated backward through the gate, his left eye squinted up and his mouth open. He shut the gate, leaned over it and looked long at the front door. By-and-bye he said:

"Darn 'em! You can never tell where to find 'em!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A LION-TAMER'S FEAT.

Perhaps the most magnificent act of heroism ever performed in this vicinity, says a San Francisco paper, was witnessed during the performance of a circus at Reno on Saturday last. The lion-tamer was giving an exhibition of his control over the ferocious brutes under his charge, when suddenly he was observed to turn pale and tremble. One large lion of the six in the cage had displayed unusual sullenness and anger, and now refused to obey its master. With glaring eyes it crouched in the corner, and evidently meditated a spring. The trainer recovered his self-possession in a moment, and, keeping his eye firmly fixed upon that of the beast, he gave it a terrible blow with his raw-hide over the face. With a fierce snarl the infuriated lion bounded forward. Catching one of its open jaws in either hand, the powerful man held the brute off for a desperate moment by main strength. An electric thrill of horror ran through the crowd which surrounded the cage in an instant. The beasts in the circle blows shrieked and roared in chorus. It is in a moment like this that the real heroic element asserts itself. Without turning his head in the least, the brave man firmly whispered: "Pass me a small boy!" One was instantly seized and crowded through the bars. With one superhuman effort the trainer thrust the boy into the lion, closing jaws, and then bounded lightly aside. A snarl, a few savage crunches, and the beast turned again for his prey. But the hero was gone. The door snapped behind him, and, gasping "Saved!" he fainted in the arms of the cheering concourse.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.—Tim, the newsboy, was seen coming out of a store the other day with a box of paper collars in his hand, and as two or three of his associates were very inquisitive as to what he meant to do with them, he answered with considerable pomposity: "I shall appear in one of them this day, and regularly thereafter till death." "Ho! ho! ho!" they sneered: "but hain't you just flinging' on the style, though! You've allus looked as mean and ragged as any of us, and now all at once you begin to prance around and wear collars." "Yes, and all to once my sister is going to get married, and all to once the old lady has bought a sewing machine and a big accordeon on trust, and all to once dad has been on three coroners' juries and is fixing things to run for constable, and all to once I'm going to keep up my end of the family, if it takes my last dollar, and that's what alls me."—*Detroit Free Press.*

AMUSEMENT ANNALS---CLIPPER SERIES, NO. XXIX.

"ION" IN AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

The "bill of fare" for this week revives memories of Ellen Tree and the great Macready. As the late Prince Albert remarked on the occasion of the farewell dinner to Macready, given at the London Tavern on March 1, 1851, he invested the self-sacrifice of Ion with an exquisite sweetness and pathos and dignity. Macready himself has said of its first production, which the programme below records, that on that day (May 26, 1836) he rehearsed the part with much care, and at night went to the theatre and acted it as well as he had ever played any other, and with more of inspiration, more complete abandonment, more infusion of himself into another being, than he had been able to attain in his performances for some time —particularly in the devotion of Ion to the destruction of Adrastus, in the parting with Clemanthe, and in the last scene. In August of that year, Ellen Tree, who had been the original Clemanthe at Covent-garden, donned the raiment of Ion at the Haymarket Theatre. Macready went one night to see her in the part, and he has thus recorded his impressions of the entire performance: "It was tiresome and sleepy to a degree; over at ten o'clock. Miss Tree's performance of Ion is a very pretty effort, and a very creditable woman's effort; but it is no more like a young man than a coat and a waistcoat are. Vandenhoff was frequently very false and very tiresome; some things he did very well. The play was very drowsy, very unreal." Miss Tree in the following year played Ion throughout the United States. Its first production at the Park Theatre, this city, was on Feb. 2, 1837, with her in the title-role, she having there made her first appearance in America on Dec. 12, 1836. The other characters were cast thus:

Adrastus	Fredericks
Crespho	Richings
Medon	Isherwood
Cassander	Clarke
Agenor	Harvey
Phocion	Clarke
Cleon	Nexsen
Pinoclon	Wheatley
Irus	Mrs. Durie
Clemanthe	Mrs. Gurner.

W. S. Fredericks is residing at Long Branch, N. J. It is our impression that Mr. Harvey went South. If so, perhaps Mrs. Geo. P. Farren can inform us as to his career after withdrawing from the Park stage. Until a few years ago Mrs. Durie, it is known, was residing in California; but as a lady of the same name as that of her second husband died not long ago in Australia, we are constrained to ask Mr. J. H. McCabe of San Francisco if Mrs. Durie is still living. The lady who died in Australia had just lost by death a married daughter who was also an actress, and Mrs. Durie, if we remember aright, had one or two children on the Park stage. William Isherwood, who played Medon, was the brother of Henry the scenic-artist, and died in this city on Aug. 17, 1841. The Wheatley was William, who died in this city on Nov. 3, 1876. John H. Clarke, who was the father of Fanny (Mrs. William Isherwood), Rosetta (Mrs. Mark), and Constantia, the last of whom for so long divided the applause at Mitchell's Olympic with Mary Taylor, died on Aug. 8, 1838. Mrs. Gurner was a beautiful woman, who came from England in 1834 and returned to it in 1837. She was a sister of Telbin, an English scenic-artist of note, and of Rose Telbin, a great favorite in the early days of our greatest Broadway Theatre. Mrs. Gurner is probably living in England yet. Her brother and sister are dead. Gilbert Nexsen became official reporter to our Common Council, and died here Oct. 17, 1855. Peter Richings, father by adoption of Caroline Richings (Mrs. Pierre Bernard, vocalist,) died on Jan. 18, 1871.

"Ion" had first been produced in this city on December 14, 1836, at the National Theatre, Church and Leonard streets. To it he has been perceived in part by Joseph N. Ireland:

Ion	G. Jones
Adrastus	Pickering
Phocion	Wallace
Cleon	Sages of Argos
Clemanthe	Thorne
Medon	Miss Woodhull

Unless another be G. G. Stevenson, who retired from the stage about thirty-seven years ago, there are but two survivors, viz., Charles R. Thorne Sr. and George Jones. The latter's title is now George the Count Jonnes, and on he has indirectly contributed, through his appeal to the Courts for protection, to the success of E. A. Sothern in the latter's metamorphosis of Henry J. Byron's drama of "The Prompter's Box," now styled "A Crushed Tragedian." Miss Clara Woodhull was already the wife of the Alcestis of Pickering of the same, and died of yellow-fever in New Orleans, Oct. 15, 1837. Pickering some years later led an unhappy, uncertain life, and it is not known positively where he died. It was probably in Canada. The Phocion of the bill was young James W. Wallack, son of Henry and his first wife, formerly Miss Miss Jones. He died May 23, 1873, and Charles Western Taylor breathed his last at West Farms, N. Y., April 11, 1874. Master Burke was Charlton the violinist (not *the* Master Burke, by the way) and comedian, and half-brother of Joseph Jefferson. He had grown so rapidly that his legs, in their vicinity to the floats, were the source of comicality, lengthened at the expense of his chest. There was not depth enough for his lungs, and he died of consumption, after returning to this city from California, on Nov. 10, 1854.

The tragedy of "Ion" was originally produced in America on Dec. 6, 1836, at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Mrs. Thomas Hunt Pritchard essaying the title role. Miss Frances Eleanor Jarman, for such was her maiden name, returned to England, and died there Oct. 30, 1873. The piece had been produced in Philadelphia through the instrumentality of Pierce Butler, then the husband of Fanny Kemble, on Nov. 16, 1836, in an unadjusted prompt book, without any technical mark—had been sent by a friend in London to Mr. Butler, who gave it to Francis Courtney Wemyss, manager of the Walnut, who in turn presented it to Mrs. Ternan, then about to play her farewell engagement at that house.

With the prefatory remark that Charlotte Cushman, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt and Miss Annette Ince in times long past made Ion a feature of their repertories, and that probably George Jones is the only male who has ever played it in this country, we shall now give its original cast in London:

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.
FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. MACREADY,
on which occasion he has been enabled to avail himself of the valuable assistance of
MISS ELLEN TREE,
who will perform at this theatre for the first and only time this season.
THIS EVENING, THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1836,
by the special permission of the author, and for this night only, will be produced a tragedy, never acted and not yet published, entitled

ION,

written by Mr. Sergeant Talfourd. The prologue, written by the author of the tragedy, will be spoken by Mr. Serle.

Adrastus (King of Argos)	Mr. Dale
Crespho, Noble Argive Youths	Mr. H. Wallack
Cassander	Mr. Howard
Ion	Mr. Macready
Medon (High Priest of the Temple of Apollo)	Mr. Thompson
Phocion (his son)	Mr. G. Bennett
Agenor	Mr. Pritchard
Cleon	Mr. Tilbury
Clemanthe	Miss Ellen Tree
Cyrhes (Captain of the Royal Guard)	Mr. C. Hill
Soldier	Mr. Walton
Irus (a boy, slave to Agenor)	Miss Lane
Clemanthe's Attendant	Miss Pelham
Abra (attendant on Clemanthe)	Miss Lacy

Overture to "Le Rovine di Palazzi" by Romberg. Overture to "Cosima" by Paer.

After which, the first act of the grand Eastern spectacle entitled

ZAZEZIZOZU.

Zazezigozu (Pasha of Bosphorus, and the undiscovered islands beyond the extremity of the globe).Mr. Tilbury
Zizi, Zozo, Zuzu (his sons by different wives).Miss Beverley
Gusbie (Prime minister and Fly-catcher to Zazezigozu).Mr. Vale
Cododad (King of the Necro...ancers).Mr. Thompson
Miscofleur (an Enchanter).Mr. Collett
Doubleeight (Keeper of the Great Telescope).Mr. Argus
Pheasbenrex (the Red and Black Fire-fiend).Mr. Deblle
Idleidi (Director of the Royal Sports).Mr. Bender
Cypress (the Royal Boxkeeper).Mr. Yeowood
The Princess Faza (the Light of the Harem in the Come, from which she is descended).Miss Pincott
Dominica (the Dominocrim, Queen of the Dominoes).Miss Wyndham
Guards, Slaves, Ladies of the Harem, etc., by the ladies and gentlemen of the Chorus and Corps de Ballet.

In the course of the act the following splendid scenery will be exhibited: Palace and Garden of the Sublime Pasha Zazezizogu; Grand Public Square of Busora, the Capital of Zazezigozu's Territory; Earth, Air and Water; The Balloon, the Railroad and the Steamboat; One Mile to Domino; Residence of the Queen of the Dominos, and other ludicrous doings on the banks of the river, etc.

To conclude with, by particular desire and for the sixteenth time, the comic piece of
THE "ASSURANCE COMPANY," Or THE BOARDING-SCHOOL OF MONTEREAU.

Between the first and second acts Bishop's Entr'acte Music.

Canivet, tailor and draper	Mr. Tilbury
Aid-de-camp Falcour	Mr. Howard
Alfred De Lussan	Mr. Pritchard
Yermanoff, a Cossack	Mr. C Hill
Pierre Mulot	Mr. Vale
Plosko	Mr. Harris
Madame Laurent, mistress of the boarding-school	Mr. Vale
Susan, her servant	Miss Beverley

SCHOLARS.

Cecile	Miss Turpin	Jeanne	Madame Vedy
Clotilde	Miss Wyndham	Anna	Miss Land
Augustine	Miss Pincott	Marie	Miss Smith

THE IMPERIAL CORPS OF VOLUNTEERS.

Alexandre (Lieutenant)	Miss Turpin
Bapiste (a Drummer)	Miss Pincott
Napoleon	Miss Pincott
Henri	Miss Cobill
Mustache	Miss Hunt
Satrapee	Miss Palmer
Ernest	Miss Land
Jean	Miss Land
Nemour	Miss Lee
Factique	Miss E. Taylor

To-morrow, the play of "The Wife"—Julian St. Pierre (first time), Mr. C. Kemble; Mariana (first time), Miss Helen Faucit. After which "Matt and Sego"—Solomon, Mr. Keeley; and (fourth time) "The Steel Pavilion."

Miss Ellen Tree married Charles Kean in Dublin, Ireland, on Jan. 29, 1842, and is now in retirement in England, where William Macready died on April 27, 1873. Mr. Serle, who spoke the prologue, was Macready's personal friend and business-manager. Henry John Wallack died on Aug. 30, 1870. Miss Turpin was his second wife, and died in England on July 19, 1860. She made her debut in America on June 19, 1837, at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, for the benefit of Walton the vocalist, in the opera of "Cinderella." The Dale was perhaps Baldwin Dale, who died in Australia in 1866, though it might have been the John Dale who died in England in 1872. The absence of initial names also leaves us in doubt as to Howard. He may have been W. J. Howard, who died in England on March 2, 1871; or it is possible that he was the first husband of the present Mrs. Harry Watkins—Charles Howard, who was an actor in London before coming to this country. Uncertainty likewise attaches to Miss Wyndham. Prior to the season of 1836-7 there were two sisters of this name (not their right ones) who were actresses in the British provinces. One of them remained an actress. The other in 1836-7 studied for the operatic stage. It may have been this one who performed Dominica in the spectacle. She married the eldest son of the great Lablache, and died Sept. 23, 1877, from a shock received while bathing for the benefit of her health. John Langford Pritchard died Aug. 5, 1850; Harries Tilbury, Jan. 30, 1864; Charles Bender, July 26, 1857; Samuel Vale, March 24, 1848; Thomas Noun Talford, March 13, 1854. Of Miss Pincott, Miss Lane and Miss Lacy (probably a sister of Rophino Lacy the composer) we are unadvised. Miss Smith, we think, was Lucy, who afterwards was a favorite vocalist at the Grecian Saloon, married Reynolds, its stage-manager, and died in 1875. Charles Hill died in New Jersey Sept. 23, 1874. He was the father of Charles Barton Hill, now of the California Theatre, San Francisco. Charles Thompson, long "the heavy man" of Covent-garden and Drury-lane, has been gathered to his fathers these seven or eight years. Mrs. Battersby was probably the lady who came here from England in 1821, became Mrs. Stickney, and returned to England and died there. Of the three great actors underlined, Miss Helen Faucit married a lawyer and is in retirement in England; Charles Kemble died there on Nov. 12, 1854; and Robert Keeley, who was in this country in 1836 with his wife (Miss Goward), on Feb. 3, 1869.

EUROPEAN DRAMATIC NOVELTIES.

"ENGAGED,"

a new farcical comedy by W. S. Gilbert, was first acted at the Haymarket Theatre, London, Eng., Oct. 3. The plot is as follows:

Our first introduction is to Angus Macalaster, "a Lowland peasant lad," and to his pretty sweetheart, Maggie Macfarlane. Angus, with an eye to the "siller," finds some occupation in placing on the adjacent line of railway obstacles to the progress of travelers. He doesn't want to hurt anybody, but he wants custom at the cottage of Mrs. Macfarlane, and a delay of passengers is the only means by which to secure it. And so, his little scheme having been put once more into practice, we presently find upon the spot a melodramatic lover named Belvawney and the pretty Miss Belinda Treherne, with whom he has eloped. The gentleman begins to give utterance to his vows of devotion, when Miss Belinda, confessing that his passion is reciprocated, more than hints that she would like to have some definite idea of his pecuniary position. Belvawney confesses to £1,000 per annum, but explains that it is dependent on the celibacy of his friend Cheviot Hill. Cheviot is certainly engaged to a certain Miss Sempetson, but Belvawney hopes, by the influence which he exerts over his friend, to be able to frustrate the impending catastrophe. When the loving couple have retired, Cheviot puts in an appearance, and, encountering Maggie, commences making love to her. Her ingenuousness is charming. She is, according to her own account, a "Vara, vara gude little girl," and is "Vara, vara beautiful," and she hopes the "vara strange gentleman will just do her nae harm. She tells him of Angus, whose wife she has promised to be, and Cheviot proposes to Angus that for the sum of "twa pund" he shall forthwith be married. Maggie will not be an obstacle in the way of her lover's pecuniary advancement, and as Angus, spite of his affection, thinks £2 "a deal o' money," the bargain is concluded, and Cheviot has won a victory and a wife. But as soon as Maggie has left him his eyes light on Belinda Treherne, and once more his heart goes roaming. He urges his passion, and Belinda, who is now fearful of her pursuers—the fire-eating McGilliculddy, from whom she has eloped, and his friends—places herself for the time being under his protection. Cheviot has a "lodge." He will protect her by proclaiming her his wife, and she shall endorse the statement by declaring him her husband. When the pursuers arrive this artifice is put into practice, and, as the declaration is made in the presence of witnesses, a Scotch marriage is celebrated, and Cheviot and Belinda are fastened in the chains of matrimony. Here is the cause of the curious and comical complications that ensue. Cheviot finds courage to abandon Belinda, to return to the house of Symperson, and to prepare for marriage with his daughter, although it must be remembered that he is already wedded—or supposed to be wedded—to Belinda, and has promised marriage to Maggie. He has doubt about the legality of the Scotch marriage, for it is not quite certain whether Mrs. Macfarlane's cottage is in England or in Scotland. Harvey Semperson is in an equally distracted condition. It appears to be just possible that Miss Macfarlane's cottage is on the border line, and until that question is decided both Belinda and Miss Symperson put forward equal claims upon Cheviot. They both confess their sincere affection for him, and all they ask of him is that he will recommend them to a respectable solicitor. Poor Cheviot! his troubles are not thereby added to when, in answer to an advertisement for servants, there come to the house Angus and Mrs. Macfarlane and Maggie—the last-named recognizing her old admirer and deserter, and threatening him with an action for breach of promise. Soon news arrives that the cottage in question is in England, and Miss Symperson rejoices that Cheviot is hers. But there is a postscript. The border line runs through the property. The cottage is in England, but the garden is in Scotland. "There will be a took place in the garden!" gleefully exclaims Belinda. "Quite right," remarks Cheviot, and he takes her to his arms.

Miss Marian Terry appeared as Belinda, Miss Julia Stewart as Maggie, Miss Lucy Buckstone as Minnie, Miss Emily Thorne as Mrs. Macfarlane, George Honey as Chevolt, Harold Kyrle as Belvawney, and F. Dewar as Angus.

"LES DEMOISELLES DE MONTFERMEIL."

This is the title of a new comedy by Theo. Barriere and Victor Bernard, first performed at the Palais Royal, Paris, Oct. 1. The plot is thus:

Mlle. Jenny Bremolin has gone to Dieppe for the bathing season. She is a courageous swimmer, and one day the waves would have carried her away to certain death if a young man had not come to her rescue. Jenny declares to her father that she will never accept as her savior who had held her in his arms. Tremolin knows what a self-willed girl his daughter is, and is anxious to get her off his hands, for a certain dashing young widow to whom he is paying his addresses insists that Jenny shall be got out of the way before she bestows her hand on him—if All Tremolin knows of the young man is that his name is Carvalon, but he soon learns that he is at Dieppe with his mistress, an extravagant cute concert-singer named Josepha, who is a confirmed gambler. Her love for play opens to Tremolin a chance of buying off Carvalon. He informs her that he has a combination by which she could break the bank at Monaco. He will provide the necessary funds, 8,000 francs. But to carry out the scheme Josepha must start at once for Monte Carlo. The girl consents, writes a hurried line of adieu to Carvalon, and is off by the next train for Nice. But it soon appears that Tremolin has spoken unadvisedly and his daughter is not of another, and not his daughter. Carvalon's uncle, one M. Riolet, is in search of his nephew, who is to marry his daughter Cecile, but had been entangled by Josepha. When the latter deserts him the young man returns to his cousin, and Tremolin is the notary to whom Riolet entrusts the preparation of the marriage contract. Tremolin is mad with rage at discovering that he has been instrumental in obtaining a husband for Mlle. Riolet, and sets to work to put impediments in the way of the proposed union, succeeding so well that the marriage is broken off. The method he takes leads to the disclosure of ludicrous details, the *double entente* of which is too indecent even for the Palais Royal. Once during a dance at a picnic Cecile had given a kiss to Carvalon, and Josepha, who is all but

FALL OF WICKETS.—AMERICAN.

First Inning.....	0	47	60	74	95	182	196	213	213	213	213–213
ENGLAND.											
First Inning.....	2	2	9	26	27	42	48	50	53	54	54–54
Second Inning....	3	10	27	39	43	54	54				—56

BOWLING SCORE.

AMERICA—First Inning.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.
Soutter	82	20	7	5	0
D. Newhall	84	30	3	4	0
Clark	6	0	1	1	0
Second Inning.					
Soutter	36	14	1	1	0
D. Newhall	84	12	2	5	0
Clark	36	14	1	1	0

ENGLISH—First Inning.

Brewster	68	31	3	2	0
Greig	30	14	1	1	0
Meesan	210	82	3	2	0
Harvey	66	18	2	0	3
Giles	86	25	10	5	0
Wheatham	12	8	0	0	0
Marsh	56	18	0	0	0

Umpires, Messrs. Jas. Smith and Frank Crockett. Time, 2h. 35m.

MANHATTAN vs. STATEN ISLAND.

Quite a remarkable game was played at Staten Island on Oct. 15, the occasion being the return match between the Staten Island and Manhattan Clubs, the feature being the disposal of the strong team of the Island club in the second inning for the unprecedented score of eight runs off the bat, or twelve runs for the inning. With such a result the Manhattans should have won, but the Islanders rallied so well in the field and in bowling in the last inning as to leave their opponents in the rear by nine runs.

First Inning.	STATEN ISLAND.	Second Inning.
Bunce c. McDougal b. Tucker	18	c. Edmunds b. Greig..... 4
Moore c. Scott b. Henchcliffe	7	c. Jenkins b. Greig..... 0
Donald c. Legge b. Greig.	1	c. Mackin b. Edmunds..... 0
Davidge b. Tucker	1	b. Greig..... 0
Roberts b. Greig	0	b. Greig..... 0
Brewster c. Greig b. Henchcliffe	18	c. Edmund b. Greig..... 0
Stevens b. Edmunds	24	b. Edmunds..... 1
Sprague l. b. w. b. Henchcliffe	1	not out..... 1
Jarvis c. Jones b. Henchcliffe	5	b. Edmunds..... 0
Harvey, not out	1	b. Edmunds..... 0
Clarke, absent	0	b. Greig..... 1
Byes, 4; wides, 3	7	Leg bye, 1; wides, 3..... 4
Total	87	Total..... 12

First Inning.	MANHATTAN.	Second Inning.
Edmunds b. Harvey	4	c. Harvey b. Brewster..... 7
Jenkins c. Harvey b. Brewster	5	b. Sprague..... 19
Greig c. Roberts b. Sprague	16	b. Sprague..... 6
Makin, run out	1	run out..... 1
Legge b. Sprague	3	b. Brewster..... 0
Jones b. Brewster	0	run out..... 0
Scott, not out	8	c. Roberts b. Brewster..... 4
Giles, absent	0	c. Roberts b. Brewster..... 4
Henchcliffe c. Roberts b. Brewster	1	b. Sprague..... 2
Ames b. Brewster	0	b. Sprague..... 2
Tucker b. Sprague	1	not out..... 1
Byes	3	Byes, 3; leg-byes, 4..... 7
Total	41	Total..... 49

FALL OF WICKETS.

STATEN ISLAND—1st Inning..	17	27	32	32	67	68	84	87	..87
2d Inning..	6	7	6	6	6	6	7	8	9	12—12
MANHATTAN—1st Inning..	7	11	13	25	29	31	31	41	..41
2d Inning..	0	26	33	36	37	42	42	46	48	49—49

BASEBALL PLAYERS vs. CRICKETERS.

The match at cricket, at Prospect Park, on Tuesday, Oct. 16, was one of the most enjoyable contests the Manhattans have engaged in this season. It was to have been a match Twenty-two vs. Eleven, but it was changed to a contest between twenty-two ball-players—all novices at cricket—against thirteen cricket players of the Manhattan Club, including three first-eleven players, a bowler being given the twenty-two in the person of Mr. Chadwick, who was lucky enough to be successful in bowling for catches. The game began with the twenty-two at the bat, and at first they made a good average, the third wicket falling for 15 only; but afterwards the bowling proved too much for their limited skill in defense, and wicket after wicket fell for duck-eggs. Now and then a good hit would be made off the slows, but the round-arm bowling of Evans intimidated the ball-tossers, and when the last wicket fell it was seen that the twenty-two had not averaged two runs to each man off the bat, the total score reaching 52. The eleven now went to the bat, Messrs. Makin and Hooper taking the lead; but both lost their wickets for single figures, one being bowled and the other caught. When the tenth wicket had fallen the score had reached 41, so the twenty-two defeated the eleven. The cricketers then sent in two more men in Legge and Moran, and these two ran the score up to a tie. The first ten wickets had fallen to Chadwick's bowling, three being bowled and seven caught, Thetford taking the last two wickets. Towards the latter part of the inning's play the sport was exciting. Just in the nick of time, however, Legge's wicket was taken, leaving the score a tie at 52. The return match is to be played on Tuesday, Oct 23, at the Park.

BASEBALL PLAYERS.

Cassidy b. Evans	0	Raleigh b. Tilly	4
Smith b. Evans	0	Scribner b. Tilly	2
Bunce b. Evans	1	Sullivan b. Tilly	2
Rowe c. Barclay b. Tilly	4	Hilde'brand, run out	8
Rankin st. Barclay b. Tilly	0	Maguire b. Tilly	4
Marshall c. Ames b. Tilly	1	Robert'son b. Brewster	0
Garrity b. Evans	0	Dimock, run out	1
Lyons b. Evans	1	Kelly b. Tilly	0
Bartlett b. Evans	1	Foley, not out	0
Burtnett b. Tilly	1	Byes, 4; leg bye, 1; w., 1	6
Fitzgerald c. and b. Tilly	0		
W. Reilly b. Brewster	0	Total	52
Ruddy c. Williams b. Evans	3		

CRICKETERS.

Makin c. Ralph b. Chadwick	6	Barclay c. Palm'r b. Chadwick	5
Hooper b. Chadwick	0	Tilly c. Palm'r b. Chadwick	2
Ames b. Chadwick	2	Legge, not out	2
McK'zie c. Scrib'r b. Chadwick	12	F. Tuck'r c. Sm'h b. Th'td	2
Evans c. Smith b. Chadwick	0	Moran b. Thetford	5
Jones c. Denham b. Chadwick	4	Byes, 1; wides, 1; n. b., 2	4
C. Tuck'r c. Smith b. Chadwick	0		
Tilly c. Smith b. Chadwick	0	Total	52

Umpires, Messrs. Whitehead and Brewster. Scorer, Dr. Drayton. Time, 2h. 25m.

BASEBALL.

MONTCLAIR vs. JEFFERSON.

A most exciting game was played by the clubs above named on Saturday, Oct. 13, at the former ground, neither side made a run, and the spectators were in a ferment of excitement when the Jeffersons, in their half of the fourth inning, scored a run in the most unique order, but the Montclairs now girded up their loins and put an end to the agony. Assisted by errors of Powers and Sloane, they got three men on the bases, when the next two strikers were put out, but a wild pitch by Stossel over the centre-fielder's head brought all three men home and enabled the striker to get round also, thus giving the Montclairs the victory by four runs.

MONTCLAIR.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	JEFFERSON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Stossel, 1st b..	1	1	14	1	0	Sloane, s. s....	0	0	6	2	1
Mackey, 3d b..	0	0	3	2	1	Caldwell, l. f....	0	0	0	0	0
Moore, c. f....	0	0	1	0	0	Smith, 2d b....	0	0	4	4	0
Haines, l. f....	0	0	0	0	0	Dugan, p....	0	0	3	1	0
Watson, p....	0	1	2	1	0	O'Rourke, r. f.	0	0	0	1	2
Collyer, 2d b....	0	0	0	1	1	Powers, c....	0	0	1	0	3
Perkins, 1st b....	0	0	9	0	0	Shafer, 1st b....	0	0	9	0	0
Swift, c. f....	0	1	2	0	0	Doran, c. f....	0	0	0	2	2
Manning, r. f....	1	0	0	0	0	Barnie, 3d b....	0	0	0	2	0
Totals....	4	4	30	12	3	Totals....	0	1	30	13	6

Montclair.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4—4
Jefferson.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Runs earned—Montclair, 2. Struck out—Montclair, 6; Jefferson, 12. Umpire, Matt Graham. Time, 2h.

UTICA vs. RUSTY.

The tie game between the above clubs for the championship of the city and State was played at Utica, N. Y., Oct. 18, the Uticas winning by superior fielding, the batting of their antagonists being the better. A stop by Bohner, a foul-bound catch by Jones, and a put-out by Taylor at the base were the most noteworthy features of the game.

RUSTY.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	UTICA.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
French, c. f....	1	1	0	0	0	Crumley, s. s...	2	1	2	3	0
Heifert, 1st b....	0	1	13	0	0	Lewis, 2d b....	1	1	2	3	0
Hornung, 2b, 3b.	1	3	1	1	1	Barry, f....	0	1	1	0	0
Bohner, s. s....	1	1	1	2	1	Jones, c....	0	1	11	2	5
Taylor, p....	0	0	3	10	2	Breitens.ein, p.	0	0	1	2	0
Matthews, 3b, 2b.	0	0	1	2	0	Brennan, l. f....	0	0	0	0	0
Langdon, c....	1	2	6	2	3	Madden, 1st b..	1	0	9	0	2
Davis, r. f....	1	0	1	0	0	Kirtland, 3d b..	2	1	0	0	1
Kellogg, l. f....	0	0	1	0	0	Martin, r. f....	1	1	1	0	0
Totals....	5	8	27	18	13	Totals....	7	5	27	15	10

Utica.....	0	0	4	0	2	0	0	0	1	0—7
Rusty.....	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	3	0	0—5

Balls called—on Taylor, 7; Breitenstein, 12. Strikes called—off Taylor, 11; Breitenstein, 10. Struck out—Rusty, 6; Utica, 4. Balls called—on balls—Utica, 1. Passed balls—Jones 1; Langdon, 2. Wild pitches—Taylor, 2; Breitenstein, 1. Two-base hits—Bohner, 1; Hornung, 1. First base by errors—Rusty, 2; Utica 6. Bases earned—Rusty, 3; Utica, 2. Home run—Hornung, 1. Left on bases—Rusty, 6; Utica, 2. Umpires, Tallman of the Uticas, and Lane of the Academys.

WORTH vs. LEONARD.

Ten innings were required to arrive at a settlement of the question as to which of the above teams was the better on Oct. 15, when they met at Communipaw, N. J. The Worths ultimately won the special features of the contest being the heavy batting of Lewinski and a left-hand catch by Shmeal of a red-hot liner from Wynne.

WORTH.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	LEONARD.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
O'Brien, 2d b..	0	0	1	3	1	Sanders, c....	0	1	7	1	3
Wynne, p....	0	0	0	10	2	Bannan, 3d b..	0	1	2	2	0
Samuels, 1st b..	0	0	8	0	0	Fink, p....	0	1	1	5	3
Illiez, 3d b....	1	2	1	2	0	Kelly, s. s....	1	1	2	3	1
Luster, l. f....	1	1	2	0	0	Fink, p....	1	0	1	5	3
L'nski, c. c. f..	2	4	11	2	2	Jackson, 2d b..	0	1	2	6	0
Shmeal, l. f....	0	1	2	0	0	Leavey, l. f....	0	0	1	0	0
Myers, c. f., c..	0	0	2	0	1	Gilmore, 1st b..	0	0	14	0	0
Chave, r. f....	0	0	0	0	0	Coyne, c. f....	1	1	1	0	0
Totals....	4	7	30	23	6	Totals....	2	6	30	17	7

Worth.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2—4
Leonard.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—2

Runs earned—Worth, 2. Three-base hit—Lewinski. Two-base hits—Lewinski and Jackson. Struck out—Bannan, Sanders, King, Fink, Jackson, Shmeal and O'Brien. Balls called—on Wynne, 14; Fink, 20. Strikes called—off Wynne, 33; Fink, 38. First base on called balls—Lewinski, Myers and Samuels. Double-plays—Shmeal, O'Brien, Samuels, Sanders, Bannan and Jackson. Umpire, Joseph Fitzsimmons. Time, 2h.

HARTFORD vs. ALASKA.

The Hartford nine visited West Brighton, S. I., Oct. 15, to play a game with the Alaskas of that village, and, the weather being unusually fine, there was a large gathering of spectators on the occasion; indeed, it was the most numerous assemblage ever seen on the field. Nearly a hundred ladies occupied the seats reserved for them, they being special guests of the Alaska Club on match-days. One of the greatest mistakes made by professional club managers in this city has been their charging ladies for admission to their grounds. It was a blunder of the League Association this season, too. Where the fair sex congregate a ball match on the opposite side will be sure to follow. Besides, the presence of ladies improves the assemblage and adds a character to the meetings which they might not otherwise possess. On the contest, was a one-sided one, the Hartfords having it their own way from the outset.

HARTFORD.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	ALASKA.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Burdock, 2d b..	1	2	0	1	0	Smith, 1st b....	0	0	12	0	0
Holdsworth, c.f..	1	1	1	0	0	Hamlin, c....	0	0	5	0	0
Start, 1st b....	0	0	5	0	0	Easterbrook, s. s	0	0	2	3	2
Carey, s. s....	1	1	1	4	0	Newman, r. f..	0	0	4	0	1
Ferguson, 3d b..	0	0	1	4	2	Driscoll, 3d b..	0	0	2	1	1
York, l. f....	0	1	1	0	0	McCord, 2d b..	0	0	2	4	0
Cassidy, r. f....	1	1	3	0	0	Briery, c. f....	0	0	0	1	0
Harbidge, c....	0	1	8	1	2	Mayer, l. f....	0	0	1	0	0
Bliss, p....	1	1	0	1	1	Brice, p....	1	1	1	2	2
Totals....	6	8	27	9	3	Totals....	1	1	27	12	10

Alaska.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1
Hartford.....	0	1	3	1	0	1	0	0	0	0—6

First base by errors—Alaska, 1; Hartford, 0. Runs earned—Alaska, 0; Hartford, 1. Umpire, Mr. Cole. Time, 1h. 50m.

PASSAIC vs. RUTHERFORD.

An eight-innings game between these clubs was contested on Rutherford Park, N. J., Oct. 13, the visitors winning by heavy batting in the eighth inning, when game was called on account of darkness.

PASSAIC.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	RUTHERFORD.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Bogert, l. f....	1	2	1	0	0	Hall, c....	1	1	8	5	5
Maguire, c. f....	1	0	0	0	0	Benedict, p....	1	0	1	1	3
C. Higbee, 2d b	1	1	0	3	1	Rice, s. s....	0	1	4	1	1
Bettinger, c....	0	0	0	0	0	Crook, c. f....	0	0	0	0	1
Biegel, c....	1	1	12	1	2	Rourke, 2d b....	0	0	2	1	0
Mindle, 3d b....	1	1	0	0	1	Cameron, 3d b..	1	1	1	0	2
Schley, 1st b....	1	1	8	0	0	Glastaeter, l. f.	1	1	1	0	0
E. Higbee, p....	0	0	0	0	2	Gannon, 1st b..	1	0	10	0	0
Demarest, s. s..	0	0	1	0	1	Brick, r. f....	0	0	0	0	2
Totals....	7	8	22	4	7	Totals....	5	4	24	7	16

Passaic.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	4—7		
Rutherford.....	0	0	0	3	2	0	0	0	0—5	

First base by errors—Passaic, 4; Rutherford, 3. Strikes called—off Higgins, 7; Benedict, 2; Rourke, 3. Balls called—on Biegel, 1; Hall, 2. Wild pitch—Higbee, 1. Bases on called balls—Benedict, 1; Schley, 1. Left on bases—Passaic, 5; Rutherford, 5. Struck out—Passaic, 8; Rutherford, 6. Two-base hits—Mindle, C. Higbee and Rice, 1 each. Earned runs—Passaic, 3. Umpire, F. W. Fullerton. Time, 2h. 40m.

* Rice called out for walking back to base on a foul, and Crook called out for obstructing catcher.

LOUISVILLE vs. INDIANAPOLIS.

Not a base-hit was made by the Hoosier nine in a game with the Louisvilles at Indianapolis Ind., Oct. 15. Result:

INDIANAP.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	LOUISVILLE.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Quest, 2d b..	4	0	0	6	5	6	Latham, 1b..	5	0	1	9	0	1
Mack, s. s....	4	0	0	0	3	1	Hague, 3d b..	5	1	0	2	1	0
Warner, 3b..	3	0	0	0	2	0	Hall, l. f....	4	2	1	0	0	0
Nolan, p....	2	0	0	1	7	2	Devlin, r. f....	4	0	0	0	12	1
Flint, c....	3	0	0	7	1	3	Shaffer, r. f.	4	2	2	0	0	0
Houtz, 1st b..	3	0	0	10	0	2	Gerhardt, 2b	4	0	1	1	5	1
Cuthbert, l. f..	3	0	0	0	0	0	Craver, s. s..	4	1	1	1	0	2
Kelly, c. f....	4	0	0	1	0	0	Snyder, c....	4	1	1	14	3	1
Rocap, r. f....	4	0	0	3	1	0	Crowley, c. f.	4	1	0	1	0	1
Totals....	30	0	0	27	20	15	Totals....	38	7	8	27	21	5

Indianapolis....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Louisville.....	0	1	0	0	0	1	3	2	0	0—7

Run earned—Louisville, 1. First base on errors—Indianapolis, 5; Louisville, 5. First base on called balls—Indianapolis, 1. Wild pitch—Nolan, 1. Passed balls—Flint, 1; Snyder, 1. Struck out—Indianapolis, 10; Louisville, 5. Left on bases—Indianapolis, 4; Louisville, 3. Balls called—on Nolan, 14; Devlin, 17. Strikes called—off Nolan, 48; Devlin, 51. Umpire, Joe Julian. Time, 2h. 45m.

On the 16th they engaged in another game, the local team again coming out at the small end of the horn. The first of the only two runs scored in the contest was made by Devlin in the fourth inning, he leading off with a two-baser for the centre and right, scoring third on McCormick's throw to first, and counting on a passed ball. Three innings more were got through without a tally, but in the eighth Crowley got to first on Quest's fumble and wild throw, reached second on Hague's good hit to centre, and was brought home by Hall's corker to right field.

INDIANAP.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	LOUISVILLE.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Quest, 2d b..	3	0	0	2	2	1	Latham, 1b..	4	0	0	7	1	0
Mack, s. s....	3	0	0	1	2	0	Hague, 3d b..	4	0	1	1	2	1
Warner, 3d b..	3	0	1	1	4	0	Hall, l. f....	4	0	1	3	0	0
Nolan, p....	3	0	0	0	4	0	Devlin, p....	4	1	2	0	1	0
Flint, c....	3	0	0	11	0	0	Shaffer, r. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Houtz, 1st b..	3	0	0	8	0	0	Gerhardt, 2b.	4	0	0	4	6	0
Cuthbert, l. f..	3	0	0	2	0	1	Craver, s. s..	4	0	1	2	2	2
McCormick, c. f	3	0	0	1	0	0	Snyder, c....	3	0	1	7	2	0
Kelly, r. f....	3	0	0	1	0	0	Crowley, c. f.	3	1	0	1	0	0
Totals....	31	0	2	27	16	2	Totals....	34	2	4	27	18	3

Indianapolis.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Louisville.....	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1—2

First base on errors—Indianapolis, 4; Louisville, 6. Wild pitches—McCormick, 1; Devlin, 1. Passed balls—Flint, 1; Snyder, 1. Struck out—Indianapolis, 4; Louisville, 8. Left on bases—Indianapolis, 4; Louisville, 6. Balls called—on McCormick, 24; Devlin, 11. Strikes called—off McCormick, 56; Devlin, 43. Double plays—Gerhardt and Latham. Umpire, Harry Dion. Time, 2h.

CHICAGO vs. BOSTON.

A bad beating was received by the champions at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 15, their only run being obtained off an execrable error by Hines, who stood with the ball in his hand and allowed Sutton from second home.

CHICAGO.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	BOSTON.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Barnes, 2d b.	5	0	0	2	3	0	Wright, 2d b.	3	0	0	1	7	1
Eggler, l. f....	5	4	1	1	0	1	Leonard, l. f.	4	0	0	3	0	0
Hines, c. f....	5	1	1	2	0	0	O'Rourke, c. f	4	0	1	1	0	0
Anson, c....	5	2	2	4	2	0	White, 1st b.	4	0	1	15	0	1
Peters, s. s..	5	3	4	7	3	2	Sutton, s. s..	4	0	1	2	2	0
Hines, l. f....	4	0	1	1	0	2	Gerhardt, 2d b	3	0	0	2	4	0
Eden, r. f....	4	0	1	0	0	0	Morrill, 3d b.	4	0	0	1	2	0
Glenn, 1st b.	4	1	0	16	0	0	Schafer, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	2
Reis, p....	4	1	0	1	6	2	Brown, c....	3	0	0	4	2	5
Totals....	39	6	8	27	17	5	Totals....	33	1	5	27	20	10

Chicago.....	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	3	0—6
Boston.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1

Runs earned—Chicago, 5; Boston, 2. Two-base hits—McVey, 1; Anson, 1; Hines, 1; O'Rourke, 1; Sutton, 1. Three-base hit—Sutton, 1. First base on errors—Chicago, 5; Boston, 7. Left on bases—McVey, 1; Anson, 1; Hines, 2; Bradley, 1; Glenn, 1; O'Rourke, 2; Sutton, 2; Morrill, 2; Schafer, 1. Passed balls—Anson, 1; Brown, 4. White, 1. Wild pitches—Bond, 3. Umpire, A. G. Mills.

ROCHESTER vs. BUFFALO.

Two games, the proceeds of which were equally divided between the contestants, were played on Oct. 14 and 16, by the Buffalo and Rochester Clubs. The first game was not marked by anything brilliant, but the second saw the Rochesters at their best—they making but one error and completely outplaying their opponents at the bat. They won both games, scores of which follow:

ROCHESTER.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	BUFFALO.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Brady, r. f....	4	0	1	1	0	0	Shetzline, 2b	4	0	0	1	1	0
Caskin, 3d b	5	0	0	1	2	1	McGlynn, l. f	4	0	1	2	0	0
Junkins, lb..	5	0	2	11	0	1	Lane, lb., c. f.	4	2	3	8	1	2
Tipper, l. f..	4	1	1	2	0	0	Fouser, 2d b.	4	0	0	4	3	2
Kennedy, c....	4	1	1	14	4	0	Bliss, s. s....	4	0	0	1	2	0
Luff, c. f....	4	0	1	2	0	0	Glasscock, 3b	3	0	1	1	1	0
Shattuck, s. s	4	1	2	1	5	0	Rushong, c..	4	0	1	4	0	0
Burkalow, p.	4	0	0	1	5	0	Ward, r. f....	4	0	0	2	1	0
Dixon, 2d b.	4	0	1	4	1	0	Corcoran, p.	3	1	1	0	3	2
Totals....	40	3	9	27	16	1	Totals....	35	4	8	27	9	12

Rochester.....	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—6
Buffalo.....	0	0	0	0	1	2	1	0	0	0—4

Earned runs—Rochester, 2; Buffalo, 1. Two-base hits—Lane, 1; Bliss, 1; Luff, 1. Left on bases—Rochester, 6; Buffalo, 5. Balls called—on Sullivan, 15; Corcoran, 25. Strikes called—off Sullivan, 33; Corcoran, 24. Double-plays—Bliss, Fouser and Lane. Ward and Fouser. First on errors—Rochester, 3; Buffalo, 2. Wild pitch—Corcoran, 1. Struck out—Buffalo, 3. Umpire, Sam Fields. Time, 1h. 55m.

ROCHESTER.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	BUFFALO.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Brady, r. f....	4	0	1	1	0	0	Shetzline, 2b	4	0	0	1	1	0
Caskin, 3d b.	4	0	0	1	4	0	McGlynn, l. f	4	0	0	1	0	0
Collins, lb..	4	0	1	13	1	0	Lane, 1st b..	4	0	0	11	0	0
Tipper, l. f..	3	2	2	1	0	0	Barnie, c. f..	4	0	1	2	0	1
Kennedy, c....	4	1	1	4	4	0	Bliss, s. s....	4	0	1	2	9	0
Luff, c. f....	4	0	1	2	0	0	Glasscock, 3b	3	0	0	1	2	0
Shattuck, s. s	4	1	2	1	5	0	Rushong, c..	4	0	1	4	0	0
Burkalow, p.	4	0	0	0	4	0	Ward, r. f....	4	0	0	2	1	0
Dixon, 2d b.	4	0	0	4	5	1	Corcoran, p.	3	1	1	0	3	2
Totals....	39	4	8	27	17	5	Totals....	33	1	5	27	20	4

Rochester.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	2	2	4—8
Buffalo.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1

Earned runs—Rochester, 2; Buffalo, 1. Two-base hits—Caskin, 2; Collins, 1; Kennedy, 1; Tipper, 1. Left on bases—Rochester, 6; Buffalo, 5. Balls called—on Sullivan, 15; Corcoran, 25. Strikes called—off Sullivan, 33; Corcoran, 24. Double-plays—Bliss, Fouser and Lane. Ward and Fouser. First on errors—Rochester, 3; Buffalo, 2. Wild pitch—Corcoran, 1. Struck out—Buffalo, 3. Umpire, Sam Fields. Time, 1h. 55m.

HARTFORD vs. JASPER.

The Jasper nine of Manhattan College played their finest game of the season on Oct. 17, the occasion being a test of their strength against the Hartford nine, and they came off with flying colors, as they prevented the noted professionals from scoring one run in the nine innings' play. The Hartfords supplied Start's place in their nine by Spencer of the Witoka. Each side scored but three base-hits, the Jaspers' one being made in the nine innings' play, and that was by Dolan of the Jaspers.

HARTFORD.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	JASPER.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Oct. 22.

LADIES'.

Adams, Lucille
Allen, Mat. N. (glass blower)
Annetta, Mlle.
Archer, Lottie (soubrette)
Allen, Georgie
Allmond, Mrs. M. A.
Allyne, Kittie
Baldwin, Mrs. Clara
Buckingham, Fannie E.
Blaisdell, Mrs. Julia P.
Bailey, Ella
Blande, Edith
Clapham, Ella Jc.
Caselli, Fannie
Chambers, Angusta
Clifton, Blanche
Coomb's Combination, Jane
Crabtree, Lotta
Cogswell, Carrie (6)
Claxton, May
Celestier, Madam
Courtright, Mrs. J. W.
Connelly, Sadie
Dimple, DoRie (not Bettie)
Dingess, Belle (with Alleghanians)
De R., Miss J.
Dearing, Ida
Dickenson, Anna E.
Edwards, Nellie
Fox, Annie
Fisk, May
Forrest or Mrs. W. J. Thompson, Lottie
Gorman, Lottie
Goss, Mrs. J.
Granville, Gertie (actress)
Gerard, Alice
Hastings, Hattie (of Buffalo, N. Y.)
Howard, May
Hannum, Zumby
Howitt, Belle
Hall, Madame (impersonator)
Hender, Mrs. Josephine
Hall, Mrs. M. A.
Hill, Susie (vocalist)
Harris, Mrs. Ada
Hallett, Alta
Howard, Adah M.
Haslam, Hulda
Hutin Sisters
Jutau, Emma
Johnston, Miss M. J.
Kemble, Francesca
Kimberley, Bessie
Letournert, Miss
A. (danseuse)
Lunt, Augusta (of Ame's Co.)
LaClare, Mad. E. C.
F. W.
Lillian, Grace
Lawrence, Medora M.
Leonard, Mary L. (2)
Linden, Lillie
Lorene, Kittie (of Golden's Co.)
Lea, Lizzie (of Birmingham Knz)
Leon, Clarice (male impersonator)
La Verde, Belle
Lynn, Lottie (of Lynn Sisters)
Leach, Emma
Myers, Mrs. A
(bearded lady)
Milton, Clara
Moore, Eunice
Markhurst, Jennie
Markham, Pauline
Multon, Emmie
Manning, Mrs. J. L.
Norris, Clara (lecturer)
Norton, Alice (of Soldene's Co.)
Nora, Mad. (glass blower)
Ormonde, Irene
Phillips, Amy
Parker, Lizzie & Susie
Rinaldi, Millie (trapezist)
Richardson, Hattie M.
Robinson, Mrs. Harry
Rainforth, Minnie
Rainford, Alice
Rosalind, Minnie
Roberts, May
Ransone, Alice (2)
Richmond, Adah (2)
Russell, Frankie
Rosa, Lydia
Robinson, Susie (of Glee Th., Boston)
St. Felix, Leagora
Starley, Viola (song-and-dancer)
Sebastian, Mrs. R.
Sinvesh, Mrs.
Maude, Irene
Stanley, Maude (2)
St. Felix, Clemence
Tune
Valade, Fannie
Whiting, Lillie
Whitin, Mrs. Thos.
Weston, Flora
Weathersby, Eliza
Weber, Letha
Warren, Susie (of Cerito's Co.)
Wyndham, Alice
Warren, Susie
Young, Nellie (burlesque "Boz")
Zeonetti, Zoe

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Atchison, L. B.
Austin, Chas. & Emma (2)
Arthur, Jos.
Barlow, Wm.
Bennett, Frank
Bush, T. D.
Brown, Tom ("biz" manager)
Barry, Ed (late of Ogden's Co.)
Brown, Col. T. A.
Bailey, Harry (of Forepaugh's)
Beuseman, Albert
Burns, T.
Bartley, Johnny
Bowman, Ben F.
Blaisdell, W. B.
Borst, W. H.
Burke, Major
Bishop, W. H. (of MerryBishops Co.)
Coon, G. W.
Cooper, W. H.
Cook, F. L.
Cooper, F. F. (of Tom Collins Co.)
Carr, Jas. (comed.)
Clark, Geo. W. (comed.)
Corning, Sidney
Cole, W. W.
Carlisle & Waverley
Camp, H. R.
Coulter, Carter
Cooke, Jas. (of Queen's Cir.)
Cogswell, W. J. (2)
Chapman, W. E.
Crane, Chuck
Constantine, Harry
Cohan, Jerry
Coleman, D. W.
Cook, Dan
Crane, M. C. (2)
Clarke, Kit
Crosby, Chas.
Carroll, F. M.
Carner, J. W. (3)
Clemens, Mr. (of O'Brien's Cir.)
Ducrow, W. (of Van Amburgh's Cir.)
De Forrest, Henry F.
Dana, Danl. B.
Dumont, Frank
Dowling, Joe (actor)
Dickeson, H. A.
Dearborn, Dr. J. W. (2)
Dobson Brothers' Minstrels
De Mott, Jas
Dunning, Kirk
Dupree & Benedict
Edgerly, S. (late of Thayer's Cir.)
Elliott, Dick (side show "biz")
Emidy, R. (of Georgia Minst.)
Everett, George
Emerson, Morton
Eunice, Wm.
Elliott, E. G.
Forepaugh, J. (manager)
Flinn, R. (of New Ian & Flinn)
French, Edwin
Foster, Albert J.
Franckum, Geo. W.
Fox, Jas. (of Goss & Fox)
Frayne's Combination, Mark
Fields, Jas. J.
Florence, W. J.
Forepaugh, S. J.
Frohman, Sam'l.
Fulton, Wm. H.
Field, G. (of Carner's Co.)
Foley & Sheffer
Fluke, W. H.
Frayne, Hoyt
Greene, Arthur A.
Griffin, Jas. (of Healy's Minst.)
Gibson, Robinson & Binney
Grover, Leonard
Gariss, Geo.
Garnellas, The
Gaynor, Wm.
Goodall, Jas. N.
Gorman, E. F.
Gerry, D. S.
Gulick, Joe A.
Gossard, Nat (late of Irving Hall, N. Y.)
Graves, C. L.
Gale, W. (late of Gale & Elliott)
Harrison, Eugene H. (2)
Howard, Rollin
Howard, Wm.
Howitt, Belle
Hall, Mamie (male impersonator)
Hender, Mrs. Josephine
Hall, Mrs. M. A.
Hill, Susie (vocalist)
Kennedy, H. (ventriloquist)
Kent, Julian
Keller, F. S. (of Shaw's Cir.)
Kirk, Geo. W.
Kingsley, Sam'l
King, Frank (comic artist)
King, H. (of Van Amburgh's Cir.)
Kline, J. (of King Bros.)
Leavitt, Mr. (of Leavitt & R.)
Lester, Prof. Jas.
Levino, Dolph
Henri
Le Roy, Henry
Leach, Eugene B.
Little, R. (of George Gia Minst.)
Lingard, W. H. (2)
Leavitt, M. B.
Lawler, W. F.
Leopold, Geo.
Lent, L. B.
Lutton, M. L. (agent)
Lovett, Fred
Le Clair, Shed
Long, Theodore B.
Lennox, Geo. J.
Leonard, W.
Lundington, Alf.
Lorris, Andy
Maas, Jas
Morris, L. (of Morris Bros.' Minst.)
Murray, Ed. (comed.)
McCarthy, Rob (of Georgia Minst.)
McCaslam, Happy
Mowbein, Harry
Morrison, Lewis
Moore, G. W. (of Sells Bros.' Cir.)
Maddox, Geo. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Macey, John A.
McBlone & Robinson
Maxwell, Geo. H.
Mack, Thos.
McCabe, Frank
Macarow, W. (of Hamilton & Nall)
Mr. (manager Howitt's Minst.)
Mack, Wm. (of Chicago)
Mack, Wm. (of Mack & Orrin Bros. Minst.)
Mack, Wm. (of Mack & Rollin Howard)
Mack, Wm. (of Mack & Hamilton)
Mack, Wm. (of Mack & Hamilton)
Mack, Wm. (of Mack & Hamilton

MISS MAUD GRANGER commenced a week's engagement at Macauley's Theatre, Louisville, Ky., Oct. 15, an l, notwithstanding strong counter attractions, did a fine business. Our correspondent says: "Miss Granger's acting was certainly a great surprise to both public and critics. She came unheralded by newspaper puffs; opened in a drama that is not at all popular, and yet by her meritorious acting drew good houses. 'Camille' was the opening bill, and Miss Granger possesses all the requirements, physical and artistic, to give complete effect to the rather difficult part of the title character. But it was as Rosalind that she appeared to the best advantage, for no character exhibits her personal endowments or her artistic individuality as an actress to more conspicuous advantage. It suits her in every way. S. W. Piercy is fast becoming a great favorite. As Armand his performance in many trying passages was remarkably dignified, and his earnest, impressive manner did much to give reality to the stronger situations of the drama. Count De Varville was excellently played by F. C. Huebner; and a word must be said for Nicolette, very pleasingly delineated by Miss Nellie Boyd. Miss Fannie Francis was a bewitching Nanine. R. G. Wilson imparted due dignity and polished manner to Mons. Duval. Gaston by W. F. Owen, Mme. Prudence by Miss Ella Wren, and Olympe by Miss Denier were excellent. 'As You Like It' was produced 17, 18, and 'Romeo and Juliet' 19, 20. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence open 22 in 'The Mighty Dollar,' supported by their own company.....The event of the week was the appearance of Dion Boucicault in 'The Shaughraun' at Public Library Hall, opening 15. They were greeted by an overflowing house, and standing room was at a premium throughout the week. Manager Miles is deserving of great praise for the superb manner in which he placed the piece on the stage. Entirely new scenery was painted by his scenic artists, who were here hard at work for over a week. Mr. Boucicault's comn is too well known to require comment. The support rendered by the stock company from the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, was above the average. Miss Whiting as Captain Figuerax, L. R. Warbrick as Robert Ffolliot, Charles Plunkett as Harvey Duff, Miss Rose Osborn as Claire Ffolliot, Miss Nixon as Arte O'Neale, and Miss Nellie Whiting as Moya were each and all excellent. Miss Fanny Davenport, under the management of R. E. J. Miles, appears here 29, opening in 'Pique.'"

JOSEPH MURPHY appeared in "Kerry Gow" at the Providence (R. I.) Opera-house Oct. 18, 19, 20, including matinee 20, to very large audiences. The support was surprisingly good for a traveling company. The piece was excellently produced, and the new scenery, painted exclusively for it by the artist H. L. Smith, received considerable applause. Buffalo Bill is announced for 22, 23, Janauschek 24, 25, 26, 27, Alf. Burnett Nov. 5, 6, 7, 8, Frank Mayo 12, one week.

T. W. DAVEY, manager of the Lawrence Barrett Combination, informs us that he has given up one week of his engagement in Pittsburg, Pa., and will play instead in Meadville Oct. 29, Franklin 30, Oil City 31, Titusville Nov. 1, Elenburg 2, Parker's 3, then to Library Hall, Pittsburg, 5, for one week.

CINCINNATI DRAMATIC ITEMS are furnished by our correspondent, writing Oct. 19, as appended: "Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence, supported by their own combination, began a week's season at Robinson's Opera-house 'The Mighty Dollar' four nights and 'The Ticket-of-leave Man' the remainder of the week. The houses have been large, and the perf rmances of the stellar lights fully up to their old standard. Mr. Booth's engagement will commence 23. 22, Charles E. Callahan's comedy, 'Little Silver,' will be played, with Emma Peckham in the title role. .....The Lingard Combination have held the boards at the Grand Opera-house this week. 'Heart and Crown' was given 15, 16, 17, 'Hunchback' 18 'The Vestal' 19, 20, and 'La Tentation' matinee 20. The acting of Alice Dunning Lingard in a series of portrayals requiring power and finish of the highest order is a surprise to many of those who remembered her only in burlesque. She made a decided hit. Mr. Lingard's low-comedy characters also took well. The company is strong. James M. Hardie, an old favorite in the city, played the leading support. Edmund K. Collier is evidently a fast-rising young actor. He performed Master Walter admirably. Nina Wavian was an excellent Helen. Mr. Boucicault opens 22, supported by the St. Louis Olympic company. John Brougham has been engaged for Oct. 29, and Fanny Davenport follows Nov. 5.....The Adah Richmond Burlesque Company opened at Wood's Theatre 15, and have had a series of crowded houses. 'Cherokee' and 'Three Muskeeteers' have constituted the repertory. M. W. Fiske made an immense hit as a burlesquer. The Misses Adah Richmond, Rose Temple, Sallie Martinot, Pauline Markham, Susie Parker, Julia Emmons, W. P. Sheldon, and J. H. Jones all took well. The Tyrolean singing of the Misses Sisson, and the dancing of A. Wallin, both fine, were the only olio features. The Combination goes hence to Indianapolis, and will be succeeded by a vaudeville performance. The Wallner (German) Theatre is very successful, playing Sunday evenings at Robinson's, and Friday at Pike's. "Rose Michel" was given 14, and G. Von Moser's comedy, 'The Hypochondriac' 19.

W. T. DUNCAN, whose address can be found elsewhere, can be engaged to produce his sensational comedies of "Nip and Tuck" and "Hand and Glove." He has lithographs and printing.

BOUCICAULT'S "SHAUGHRAUN" COMBINATION is represented to be doing the best business of all companies on the road, and we are told that with three exceptions "every town they have visited since they started out has rewarded them with crowded houses. On Oct. 13 they closed a week's stay in Albany, and did the largest business that has been done for a long time. On the 15th they opened in Troy, at the Griswold Opera-house, to a crowded house, and Wednesday matinee, and did a very large business. They opened in Utica 18, to a crowded house, and the theatre seats eighteen hundred people. It was the largest and most fashionable audience seen in that building in a long time. They remained there a second night, and, notwithstanding it had rained all day, the attendance was quite large. The play is very well put on the stage, and well acted." The company carry nearly a carload of scenery and baggage. B. C. Porter is the stage-manager, and Col. T. Allsten Brown treasurer. This week the company are at Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 22, 23, and occupy the Opera-house, Rochester, 24, for four nights and matinee. On the 29th they open a week's stay in Buffalo, at the Academy of Music.

THERE WAS NO FALLING-OFF in the attendance at the Opera house, St. Louis, Mo., during the second and last week's engagement of Elwin Booth. "Richard III" was acted Oct. 15, the Shakespearian text being strictly adhered to, and a thoroughly performance given, much to the audience, who have heretofore seen but the Colly Cibber version. "Hamlet" was repeated 16, "King Lear" was given 17, and "Richelieu" 18. "Richard II" is to be presented for the first time in St. Louis 19, and "Richard III" will close the engagement of Mr. Booth, which has been the most successful that has appeared here in many years. The members of the stock company have been severely tried during the past two weeks, and the majority of them have stood the test nobly. Miss Emma Stockman of Robinson's Opera-house, Cincinnati, by permission of Manager Macauley, came to St. Louis 17, and played the Fool in "King Lear." Mr. Booth opens in Cincinnati Oct. 23. Miss Effie Ellsler begins at this house 22.....Taking into consideration the great attraction elsewhere, the business done at the Olympic by Rice's "Evangeline" Combination has been very flattering. The company is the same that was here last season, with the exception of Miss Nancy, who replaces Clara Fisher as Evangeline. Oct. 19 "Le Petit Corsair" will be given for the benefit of Eliza Weathersby, and on Oct. 21 the Lingards begin a two weeks' engagement. Letter of Oct. 19.

MAGGIE MITCHELL is billed to play "Fanchon" in Utica, N. Y., Oct. 23, supported by Wm. Harris and a dramatic company under the management of John Albaugh of Albany.

THE FRANK FRAYNE COMBINATION is to perform this week in Indianapolis, Ind.

AT GRISWOLD OPERA HOUSE, Troy, N. Y., there are vacant dates from Nov. 1 to Dec. 22, and the house can be rented or secured on sharing terms through W. D. Van Arnum, proprietor.

Frank Boucicault, in a letter dated Oct. 21, a correspondent sends the appended:

At the Globe Theatre "The Danites," produced Oct. 15, has made a hit, and author, actors and manager may feel well satisfied at the result, for a more striking or novel play has not been produced here for many seasons. The scenes are different from the original New York production in only a few particulars, viz.: Grasshopper Jake, J. F. Herne; Hezekiah, W. B. Laurens; Huldah Brown, Dora Goldthwaite; Mabel Jordan, Miss Jordan. Of the originals in the cast, the commendations they received in New York were fully endorsed here. Miss Dora Goldthwaite as Huldah Brown the Widder revived the pleasant associations of an equally clever performance, and played as well as the part deserved. Little Ada Gilman and Miss Mabel Jordan as Sallie Sloan and Henrietta Dickson were both excellent. Of the manner in which "The Danites" was produced, nothing further can be awarded. The miners' camp at the foot of the Sierras was a perfect picture; so were the scenes of Sandy's and Billie Piper's cabins. The house has been crowded throughout the entire week, and well deserves its success. It will be continued for one more week, and on the 29th the Boucicault Comedy Company is to appear in "Marriage." Joaquin Miller, at the request of "The Danites" Oct. 15, presented Manager Rankin and Aldrich each with an old-time "bull-pup," a species of revolver used by the Forty-niners during the early days of the gold excitement in California.....Miss Mary Anderson has reason to feel gratified and encouraged at having so successfully passed the ordeal of a debut before a Boston audience, and appearing in a range of parts made famous by a score of older and more experienced actresses. Opening at the Boston Theatre Oct. 15 as Evadne, she followed with Meg Merrilies 16, Juliet 17, Parthenia 18, Ion 19, and closed her performances 20 with a repetition of Juliet at the matinee, and at night Meg Merrilies, supplemented by the farce of 'Sarah's Young Man.' The supporting company have had a busy week of study, and are entitled to praise for work well and honestly done. Manager Shewell made his first appearance this season, and gave several strong and well-defined performances—Ingomar and Adrastus in "Ion" being notably so. E. J. Buckley was cordially received, and in the leading juvenile roles was successful. Miss Marie Bonfanti continues to delight

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ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

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P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

THE CLIPPER is for sale in LONDON, ENGLAND, at the American Exchange, 449 Strand, Charing Cross, W. C.

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER ALMANAC FOR 1877

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to the position which the above theatre now occupies as THE LEADING THEATRE OF SAN FRANCISCO, beyond the question of a doubt, both from its financial standing and recognized superiority by the public as a temple of amusement.
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(Josephine L. Williams, sister of Mrs. H. W. Eagan), late of Tivoli Theatre, New York City, were joined by the Rev. Mr. Dunnell in holy matrimony at All Saints' Church, East Broadway, N. Y., on Sunday evening, Oct. 14, 1877. May all earthly happiness attend them! 31-1t*

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NAT HOMER,
31-4t Manager Emerson's Opera-house.

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W. J. GILMORE.....LESSEE AND MANAGER
THE STANDARD SOUTHERN THEATRE.
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A PATTERN FOR ALL.
The following Stars and Combinations have arranged dates at this theatre:
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ROBT. FRAZER'S PANTOMIME TROUPE
BARLOW, PRIMROSE & WEST'S MINSTRELS.
FIRST-CLASS DRAMATIC STARS AND COMBINATIONS (ONLY) HAVING VACANT DATES, ADDRESS AS ABOVE.
DRAMATIC STARS arranging for this theatre WILL RECEIVE A FIRST-CLASS DRAMATIC SUPPORT, as I have arranged with my friend COL. WM. E. SINN for his NEW PARK THEATRE (BROOKLYN) DRAMATIC COMPANY (which is SECOND TO NONE IN THIS COUNTRY) TO SUPPORT ALL STARS WHO PLAY AT THIS THEATRE. 31-1t

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THE
SOCIETY AND FLIRTATION SKETCH ARTISTS,
are first-class in their line of business, and, having an engagement of 40 weeks offered them to travel through the Southern States and Cuba with the celebrated
BERGER FAMILY CONCERT COMPANY
I have consented to their withdrawal a few weeks previous to the close of my traveling season of 1877.
31-1t* TONY PASTOR.

CLARK & HILL'S OPERA-HOUSE
IOWA CITY, IOWA,
WILL BE READY
ABOUT
OCTOBER 25, 1877.
Seating Capacity, 1,000.
Stage 30x60ft., with full and complete sets of scenery, foot and border-lights. Heated by steam, and lighted by gas. Dressing rooms supplied with gas and water.
Population of city, 12,000. The State University, with 600 students, is located here. Address
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FIRST-CLASS
VARIETY PERFORMERS
will bear in mind that part of the months of DECEMBER, JANUARY AND FEBRUARY will be devoted to
FIRST-CLASS SPECIALTIES
AT THE
NEW PARK THEATRE,
BROOKLYN.
PERFORMERS THAT HAVE NOT APPEARED AT THE SMALLER VARIETY THEATRES IN BROOKLYN can write for dates as above; but no dates will be closed before the middle of November, so write about that time.
WILLIAM E. SINN, Manager.
P. S.—I will not give last season's SALARIES. Bear that in mind. 31-2t

GILMORE'S Holliday-street Theatre, BALTIMORE, MD.
The splendid engagement just concluded (Oct. 20) by
MR. C. W. BARRY
is but a continuation of the
Many Artistic and Pecuniary Successes
of the season. THE MOUNTING AND CASTING of the plays presented are excelled by
NO THEATRE IN THE COUNTRY.
THE WATCHWORDS OF THE MANAGEMENT ARE
ENERGY AND LIBERALITY.
THE FOLLOWING DATES ARE OPEN FOR FIRST-CLASS STARS AND COMBINATIONS:
NOV. 5, 12, DEC. 3, 10, JAN. 14, 1878, 28, FEB. 4, 25, MARCH 4, APRIL 1, 8, 15, MAY 6, 13, 20, 27. 31-1t

JEPPE AND FANNIE DELANO
take this method of returning their sincere thanks to MR. TONY PASTOR for his kind consent to close their engagement before the end of his traveling season, they having a long engagement offered them by the BERGER FAMILY CONCERT COMPANY. 31-1t*

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Mr. Alf. Burnett, assisted by MISS HELEN NASH, in his greatest of Comic acts, entitled
MR. AND MRS. CAUDLE AT HOME,
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JAMES W. SHARPLEY,
WILL SHORTLY APPEAR AT THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, PROVIDENCE.
Managers wishing to secure this party can address
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